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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY





# LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

18 FEB 1942

THOSE little bits which you read to friends from letters from husbands, sons or sweethearts in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page. The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of the sections of letters which they think may interest others. £1 is paid for each extract published on this page.

Pte. D. Gilroy with the N.Z.E.F. in Egypt to Mrs. I. Arthur, 185 Brisbane St., Dubbo, N.S.W.:

"I HAD been a prisoner of war in Greece, and after three months of the Hun's 'gentle' care in Salonika had had enough.

"We were in a square block of buildings surrounded by a barbed-wire fence 12 feet high, then 8 feet of coiled barbed wire to a height of four feet, then another fence. Inside and outside marched Huns with Tommy-guns and stick bombs. There were machine-guns and searchlights at each corner.

"I decided that the only way out was a tunnel.

"Along with seven others I began to tunnel under the building, wire, the sentry's beat, and a little farther to come out and run for it.

"We were using a small pick, and everything went well for the first ten feet, but as we could hear the sentry we were afraid he could hear us, so we used a bread knife.

"That slowed things up, and at the finish it had taken five weeks' digging.

"One night 14 slipped out. We went down under the floor. In crawled the first two.

"We heard noises, and after what seemed hours I went in, my cobbler close behind me.

"The tunnel opened on a bank about six feet below the sentry's beat.

"I poked my head out of the hole, my boots in my hand. I could not see a thing. I put my boots out next, and just as I was preparing to slide out I heard the sentry cough.

"I pulled my head in, and the sentry, hearing the stones and earth running down the bank, flashed his torch.

"I thought the game was up, and backed down the tunnel. My leg got caught, and there was I lying on my back, one leg bent so that my knee was hitting my chin.

"I whispered to my cobbler, 'Pull my leg.'

"He thought I was joking, and it took a few seconds before he realised I was stuck.

"We waited for a stick bomb to be thrown in on top of us, but all was well, and the next minute both of us slithered down the bank, up the other side, and within a month we were back in Egypt."

Sgt.-Pilot Tom Blackley, R.A.F., now a Transatlantic ferry pilot, to his wife in Mackay, Qld.:

"THE past two days we have been visited by a big portion of the U.S.A. Air Force, and included among their planes were a couple of Flying Fortresses.

"They're terrific, carry a crew of more than 10 men, and to look at them you would wonder however they manage to get off the ground.

"The Yankee boys were telling us just what hot stuff they were, and one of the R.A.F. boys here challenged their ace pilot to a 'dog-fight'.

"Well, darl, the R.A.F. boy just ran rings round the Yankee—he'd have shot him to pieces about 20 times.

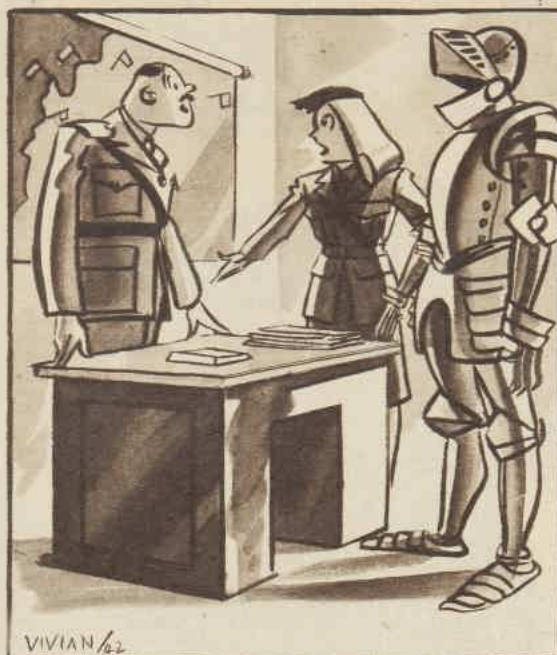
"This R.A.F. boy is a sergeant-pilot like myself, but what the Yank did not know is that he, the English boy, has 11 Messerschmitts, 2 Heinkels, 2 submarines, and the D.F.C. and bar to his name.

"Last Sunday four of us visited Green Gables. I don't know if you have read the book, 'Anne of Green Gables,' but think you probably have.

"Mrs. L. M. Montgomery, the author, lived near here.

"Green Gables is a delightful spot. Big, tall trees, and farther back apple trees, with a lovely little brook, and a bridge over it—all mentioned in the book."

## Winnie the War Winner



VIVIAN/42

"I heard you were joining the Armored Division, so thought this might come in handy!"

Pte. W. B. Hall with the 1st Australian Corps Ski-ing School, Syria, to his mother, Mrs. W. M. Hall, Laurel Ave., Graceville, Qld.:

"OUR ski uniform consists of, ski-boots, puttees or gaiters, baggy windproof trousers, a loose, windproof overcoat, which comes halfway to the knees and has a hood to pull over the head, and a windproof peaked cap with side flaps which can be pulled down over the ears.

"The color of our windproof clothing is at present a pale green, called officially duck-egg green, so we look quite a pretty sight out in the snow.

"Frank Hurley, the official photographer with the A.I.P., was here last week with his newsworthy camera and assistants, and there was also a 'still' photographer.

"We had three days of strenuous training. I fell over dozens of times, but fortunately the snow was very soft. We're getting used to different snow conditions now.

"Sometimes the snow is like ice, sometimes it has an icy surface in the morning, which thaws about midday and becomes mushy, sometimes it is soft and powdery, and sometimes it is soft and looks just like sago."

A private in Rabaul to his wife in Newport, Vic.:

"STANDING at my station I got the greatest shock I've ever had. Away to the north in a blue patch, I saw them.

"High up, the drone of their powerful engines a menacing chorus, gleaming in the sun, a formation of sixteen bombers.

"My funk hole, which, when I dug it, seemed so small and snug, seemed to yawn wide like a crater. "My stomach seemed to contract into a little ball, and my heart-beat quickened.

"As I rolled a cigarette my fingers were all thumbs.

"And I watched the armada with a fearful fascination. Right above now, and in the clouds.

"Perhaps I prayed, I know I was thinking of you.

"A little time passed, then 'boom, boom!' a whole lot of 'booms.' Then in a little while the music of the 'all clear'.

"The evening raid was an eerie experience.

"I didn't see them, but I heard them. There were eleven, and the

engines seemed louder and consequently more menacing.

"Then again a long rumble like thunder as they unloaded, the explosion flashes in the sky, the throb of the engines passed away, a little wait, then the 'all clear' again.

"Last night there were nine — a great noisy embassy of ill-will."

"They dropped lots of bombs, kicked up a fearful din, gave us a bit of a fright, and that's about all."

"Stop Press—Just out of my funk hole.

"Sure enough, raid No. 4 just completed. No official count, but calculate eighteen."

Able-Seaman Harry J. Dean, H.M.A.S. Australia, to his sister, Mrs. H. W. Quick, 390 Macquarie St., Albury, N.S.W.:

"DID I tell you about our big fishing carnival?

"Last time we were in port there was no leave, so everyone had a line over the side.

"The water was very clear, and we could see sharks and fish of all colors and sizes swimming around.

"They managed to get a shark tangled up in a hook and line, and finished him off with a rifle—and was he handsome?

"It was an 11ft. grey nurse, and we hoisted it in with the crane.

"We cut its jaws out for a souvenir."

Pte. V. C. Lunn in Rabaul to his mother, Mrs. C. V. Lunn, Drysdale, via Geelong, Vic.:

"I GUESS you have read of the air raids on Rabaul.

"Twenty-two planes took part in the first one in the morning.

"The little yellow cows let go from a great height.

"Very little damage was done, but it wasn't until the second raid, just after dark, that I got my real thrill.

"There were about eleven planes, and when we heard them coming we just sat in our dugout and waited for the music.

"They didn't beat about the bush, and when they reckoned they were over the target down came the eggs.

"I was just starting to wish I had gone to Sunday school more often, when they ran short of pills and made for home.

"It was a queer feeling listening to the planes coming closer and not being able to see them."

Let's talk of  
INTERESTING  
PEOPLE



MR. L. R. MCGREGOR

... Lease-Lend post

APPOINTED Director-General of the newly-established Australian War Supplies Procurement Mission in U.S.A., with headquarters in Washington, Mr. L. R. McGregor holds a key post in the Lease-Lend administration as far as it affects the Commonwealth. His job is to speed up supplies of essential equipment and raw materials from U.S.A.



MISS F. CAMPBELL

... Five thousand girls

DURING twenty-three years as principal of Sydney Girls' High School, Miss Florence Campbell, B.A., who has just retired, has directed the education of more than 5000 girls. She succeeded the first principal, Mrs. Lucy Garvin.

Miss Campbell supervised transfer of the school from Elizabeth Street to its present site in Moore Park. This Norman Carter portrait of her, presented by Old Girls, hangs in school hall.



SIR EDWIN LUTYENS

... Order of Merit

DISTINGUISHED British architect Sir Edwin Lutyens, president, Royal Academy, is latest recipient of the exclusive Order of Merit. Members of the Order, which was instituted by Edward VII, are limited to 24. It is awarded for exceptionally meritorious service in the Navy, Army, art, literature, or science.

Sir Edwin is famous as architect of Whitehall Cenotaph and New Delhi City, India.

## FEET BECOMING TROUBLESOME?

Then Rub Them With  
**Zam-Buk**

EVERYONE knows the suffering that can be caused by tired, aching feet. In warm weather, particularly, you can't expect your feet to feel comfortable and fit all day unless they have proper care—the care that Zam-Buk can give them.

The treatment is so very simple—yet it guarantees for you

### Lasting Comfort

All you have to do is bathe your feet thoroughly and, after drying, massage Zam-Buk Ointment into the soles, round the ankles, and between the toes. Pain, swelling and tenderness are relieved; blisters, soreness and chafing healed, and corns removed—root and all.

If you use Zam-Buk regularly each night you'll be certain of healthy, comfortable feet all Summer.

1/7 &amp; 3/8 a box.

Use ZAM-BUK Regularly



"I had to wear slippers as my feet and ankles were so sore and painful. Sometimes I couldn't even walk. Besides proving very soothing, Zam-Buk eased my foot troubles. I now get about in comfort again."—Mrs. C. Lane.



# BERTIE FINDS A HOME

By . . .

**Laura K.  
Burbridge**

**Appealing story  
of hearts united  
by a boy's grit.**

**E**IGHT-YEAR-OLD Bertie Jarvis sat stiffly upright in Hollywood's most fashionable children's bootery. Shyly he thrust out his right foot and tried on shoe after shoe.

But Bertie's mind was not on shoes. He was tired and bewildered. He wanted to like this beautiful American lady—this Mrs. Sterling—who was going to look after him for the "duration." He wanted to like the dark gentleman with her. But he couldn't.

He still felt the hotness in his cheeks at the memory of their meeting at the train. He'd offered to shake hands with Mrs. Sterling—just as his father had instructed him to do. She hadn't taken his hand. Instead she'd looked down and said, "You bite your nails. How dreadful!"

He'd hidden his hands behind his back and hadn't bothered to explain that nail biting was something that had been only recently acquired.

The man she called Tony said, "You're in America. You'll find things quite different over here, I suppose."

Bertie asked, "Are you tykin' the plyce of my ol' man over 'ere, sir?"

Tony roared right out at that and thumped Bertie hard on the back. "You've got me wrong, I'm afraid. I don't mind looking after a friend's wife, but I draw the line when it comes to kids."

After Mrs. Sterling got through laughing, she leaned closer to Tony and said, "Tony darling, some day you'll slay me with your humor."

Remembering, Bertie sat forward in his chair and reached his arm around and tentatively felt the spot on the sharp little blade under the tweed jacket. He was surprised to find it didn't still hurt.

The clerk tied the lace of a brown-and-white oxford; patted Bertie's foot. "There, young fellow! Just the thing for a young gentleman."

Mrs. Sterling smiled. "I'll take all five pairs, Mr. North."

Bertie gasped. Five pairs of shoes! What would he do with five pairs of shoes all at once? A bloke only 'ad one pair of feet.

Mr. North struggled to his feet and accepted a roll of money from Mrs. Sterling.

"I envy you, Mrs. Sterling," he said. "You and so many others are doing a wonderful thing. Too bad we can't get 'em all over here where they'll be safe."

"There's an awful lot of red tape to it," Mrs. Sterling sighed. "But I was lucky. I have a friend over there. She arranged everything for me."

Bertie's eyes followed the three as they walked to the front of the store. He could well imagine what

they were saying: "Yes, poor little fellow. Looks sad, doesn't he? His mother was one of the first to be killed in a raid, you know. His father's in the army. Digs out time bombs, or something as uninteresting as that."

He shut his eyes tight to close out the image of his mother as he'd last seen her. He'd been one of London's evacuated children. Sent to Kent. His mother had fretted a lot. The Queen, Lord love her, had

helped her  
get down to  
visit him when  
he was ill; with  
sickness those  
weeks

It was Sunday, and they'd gone to the beach for the day . . .

As quickly as he'd closed his eyes against the tears, he shut away his thoughts. His ol' woman had taught him softness and obedience, but his ol' man had taught him courage. "I

tykes a bit o' courage to carry on, me lad," he said. "So 'ang on to your courage and you'll be a bit of all right."

Mrs. Sterling lowered her voice and the clerk glanced over his shoulder at Bertie. Bertie felt all hot and sticky around the collar. They were playing him again. And he didn't want to be pitied! No Englishman wanted that. Bertie's narrow shoulders straightened and his chin set.

Then Mrs. Sterling was thanking the clerk. She called to Bertie. He felt a wild urge to run. "Come Bertie," she repeated sharply. "We've some more shopping to attend to before we start for home."

Bertie turned and obediently followed Mrs. Sterling and Tony. But all the way to the car he kept warning himself, "But it ain't my 'ome. It ain't my 'ome at all. And 'e ain't 'er 'usband, neither."

"You've been 'avin' bad news, 'aven't you?" Bertie asked, looking from Lee to Gerry.

"No; not yet. I've got to outfit the kid some more. Get him some decent suits. Try to make him look human."

Bertie looked down at his bare scarred-up knees. "My ol' man—'e got these for me when 'e was 'ome on leave. Blimey! 'E didn't arf chuck 'is money about."

"Boys don't wear short pants here," Mrs. Sterling said shortly. "They're men right from the start."

"Blimey!" breathed Bertie incredulously.

Mrs. Sterling shuddered. "And you mustn't use that horrid word any longer."

Gerry Sterling slid his long legs farther under the desk and ran anxious fingers through his hair as he stared down at the sheaf of monthly reports and swore under his breath.

He swore as a matter of habit. Who wouldn't? That European was *was* cutting a nice slice from the profits of the motion-picture business. And now Amy was bringing part of the trouble right into his home. Taking in one of those kids that were being brought to the United States by the shipload.

Gerry had an uneasy feeling. Was Amy aware of his plans for pulling out—before he'd have a chance to tell her in his own way? Perhaps that was her reason for taking in the kid. But no: Amy wasn't so subtle.

Maybe she was tired of that Tony fellow. Decided she'd better hold on to her husband. But it was too late for that now. A kid might have helped at one time. But not now.

Please turn to page 17



# BACK TO REALITY

Romantic short story  
by **EDITH BRISTOL**

**F**IVE and one-half days every week, fifty weeks every year, Rose Langley made out marriage licences, filling and registering the passports to paradise — or elsewhere.

After twenty years, the capable Miss Langley could have filled out a marriage licence blindfolded.

To-day, as she threw herself on the couch behind the screen in the dressing-room, she was weary to the bone of being an efficient piece of office machinery. Twenty years ago she would have scorned a few minutes' rest before starting home. But not now.

Perhaps Miss Langley dozed a bit, for voices from the other side of the screen roused her.

"...but not our Miss Langley. Not 'Cupid'..." The words came above the splash of water in the basin. "It simply can't be."

"It certainly is. The shoe clerk told me."

Miss Langley sat up suddenly, rigid, her ears straining.

"But it's simply preposterous. She's forty-five if she's a day. Dyes her hair. All that make-up. Imagine those wrinkles under a lace veil! Don't make me laugh."

Rose bit her lip and clutched the edge of the couch.

"Some old beau from Africa or Brazil or some outlandish place."

She's having the wedding in Grace Chapel and inviting all kinds of funny people."

"Well, why shouldn't she?" To listening Rose Langley the third voice rang clear and sweet—or was that because of what it said? "We'd have any kind of a wedding we wanted and ask anybody we chose." That must be Laurel Blair, the new girl in Judge Powell's chambers.

"But imagine! At her age! Grace Chapel, too. That's the handsome young minister all the girls are so crazy about."

Rose groped for her handkerchief and dabbed at her cheeks, then stared at the rouge stain on the crumpled linen. She couldn't stand it another instant.

Then Laurel Blair spoke again. "You girls are being downright mean. Miss Langley has been very nice to me. I'm going to ask her if she'll invite me."

Rose sat motionless, letting the tears splash on the spotless white front of her blue twill. Dyed hair. Old. Preposterous. Silly. Maybe that's the way she'd look to Andrew, too. Maybe that's the way everybody would see the rich, yellowing folds of the shimmering satin and the fragile, cobwebby roses of the lace, wrapped so sacredly in blue paper since that other time when she almost wore them.

A sniffle that started to be a

sob was smothered with difficulty and ended as a muffled cough.

Laurel, drying her hands at the towel machine, heard it and stepped around the screen.

"Oh, Miss Langley," the girl gasped. "You heard them!"

The older woman nodded but did not speak. Impulsively, Laurel dropped to her knees beside the couch and slipped a slender arm around Rose's shoulders.

"Don't mind anything they said, Miss Langley. Please. They're too young to know anything about weddings."

Miss Langley shook her head. "No. They're right. They're not too young. I'm not young enough. I've tried to plan such a perfect wedding but I don't know how." A bitter edge sharpened her voice. "I never go to weddings."

"I do." When Laurel smiled there were new lights in her brown eyes. "I'm practically an expert. I've been bridesmaid for two sisters and three cousins. I adore weddings." Rose wiped her eyes. "You'll think I'm silly. But Andrew—the man I'm going to marry—thinks I'm popular and quite young."

"Tell me about him." Laurel's piquant face was animated, her eyes eager. "Where did you meet him? What's his name?"

"Andrew Jackson Hardy. Here in the courthouse. He came in to look at some mining claims on file. He liked me straight away. And the minute he walked in the door I knew I was in love with him. He's big and gentle."

"How long have you known him?"

"Fifteen years."

"Fifteen years?" Laurel echoed. "It is a long time. First his sister died and he had to care for her children. Then the date was all settled and I bought the satin and the veil—but my mother was taken sick. She was an invalid for ten years. I couldn't leave her—and she couldn't go to Borneo. He works for an oil company. I couldn't leave. And he hasn't been back for five years. Then last month my mother—" her voice broke.

"I know. I was so sorry." Laurel jumped lightly to her feet, held out both hands. "But now you're going to have the wedding—and you're going to let me help you?" "I'd love to have you help me—but I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what? You love him, don't you?"

"Love him! He's the best man on earth or he wouldn't have waited all these years. Afraid he'll find out I've—well, all the time I've been writing him things that aren't exactly true. He thinks I have so many gay friends."

"Never mind." Laurel patted Rose's arm. "You deserve any kind of a wedding you want. And we'll find plenty of friends for it. Then you can come back from Borneo and help plan my wedding—if the right man comes along."

The role of stage manager for the wedding proved anything but a simple one.

For the twentieth time Laurel checked Rose's invitation list, so pathetically brief. Mr. Briggs, the county clerk, would give the bride away; his wife and four daughters would sit in the front pew. Miss Langley's doctor and dressmaker and her landlady. The girls from the courthouse, each pledged to bring some presentable escort. The total was disheartening.

Why, oh, why, had she ever promised to see this wedding through? She'd simply have to call on Toby Leeds!

Please turn to page 12



PERSPIRATION ODOUR  
KILLS ROMANCE...

BE A **LUX**  
CHANGE DAILY  
GIRL

Save stocking ladders  
with a nightly dip  
in Lux  
LUX CONTAINS  
NO SODA



A LEVER PRODUCT

U2A36



"I want you to get me a lot of men for the wedding," Laurel told Toby.



# RIVER OF DOUBT

Continuing our exciting  
adventure serial

By Leslie T.  
WHITE

## The story so far:

MARK CROSBY, ex-detective sergeant, accepts a mysterious commission from beautiful

IRENE AMES to investigate the sabotaging of a manganese mine in Brazil, the owner of which,

"SCOTTY" DOUGAL, a former friend of Mark's, has been shot and seriously wounded by an unknown assassin. Mark leaves for Brazil by plane with Irene, making friends on board with

STEFAN BRUENZLI, a lawyer, and the lovely

SENHORA NITA OCANA. On the first night of the trip, he receives a cable from

DAVID WILLIAMS, United States Government agent, telling him that Dougal is worse, and turning him to be on his guard.

Now read on—

THE next morning, Irene seemed moody and silent, so Mark resumed his chess games with Stefan Bruenzli.

After lunch the giant Sikorsky hurdled the Tumuc-Humuc mountains and below them stretched an interminable carpet of evergreen forests.

Irene came over and sat beside Mark. "Look!" she whispered, and there was a little catch in her voice. "That's Brazil!"

Mark leaned against the window and stared, while his mind segregated all he had ever heard or read about this legendary land below him. Brazil! Centuries old, yet new as to-morrow.

Immense: a quarter of a million square miles larger than the continental United States of North America. Great land of swamps and pampas, of vast plateaus and unconquered mountain peaks, of silent rivers crawling tensely out of the greater silences beyond.

Dazzling cities, fabulous cities! A huge laboratory of civilisation where a new race is being moulded from the time-tested blood of three old ones—Portuguese, Negro and Indian—and spiced with the blood of Aryan and Oriental.

He watched the panoramas for hours. The hardwood forests gave way to swampy grass lands. Then they catapulted over a vast body of water.

"The Amazon!" Irene told him. "It's nearly two hundred miles wide here at the mouth."

A little later the Clipper dipped her nose in a cunty to King Neptune, Lord of Waters, and tradition, and they were across the equator. Mark's pulse quickened.

Well, fella, he reminded himself, you're now sliding down the other half of the world.

Shortly after five they landed at the city of Belém, or Para as it is usually called, snuggled in the jungle on the banks of the lower Amazon.

After the formalities of customs and immigration, which the friendly Brazilian officials made as painless as possible, Nita Ocana and Bruenzli came over and the four of them stood talking. Mark noticed that Irene seemed preoccupied. She kept glancing around, and when she caught him watching her she said: "I rather hoped someone would be here to meet us."

He began to wish he had told her about Dougal's injury before, but this was not the moment for announcing it, so he kept silent. Bruenzli and Nita were stopping over till the following day, so they invited Irene and Mark to have dinner with them.

The little lawyer was bubbling with energy after his long flight, and suggested they send their bags to the hotel by cab and walk through the streets.

While they were making arrangements, a messenger came up and handed Mark an envelope. He excused himself and opened it. It was a message from the American Consul.

Dear Mr. Crosby: Unfortunately,



"It is with regret, Senhor Crosby," said the sergeant stiffly, "I announce you under arrest."

urgent business is taking me to Rio de Janeiro just before you will arrive. I had hoped to meet your plane. Ian Dougal was operated on this afternoon at the General Hospital. The bullet was removed successfully and he is holding his own. However, you will not be able to see him until to-morrow.

The monthly upriver boat which you must take leaves the morning following, that is, the day after to-morrow, so we will not meet until your return to the coast, for I shall be away most of the week. Meanwhile, may I urge you to be careful, and wish you the best of luck.

As Mark pushed the letter into his pocket, Bruenzli remarked: "Not bad news, I trust?" Mark smiled. "Quite the contrary," he said. But he saw the worry in Irene's eyes and he felt ashamed. It was going to be a shock when she learned that Ian Dougal was in the hospital, but he assured himself that it would do no good to tell her the truth until she could visit the old man.

DINNER that night was a gay affair. Irene seemed to have recovered from her disappointment of the afternoon. Bruenzli was as cheerful as usual and even Nita Ocana put aside her habitual boredom to enter into the spirit of warmth and friendliness that characterized Brazil. It was nearly midnight before good-byes were said.

"We'll expect to see you in Rio," the lawyer said on parting. "Oh, you'll come all right. Everyone comes to Rio de Janeiro before they die. It's the gateway to Paradise."

He sobered and offered his hand. "I don't know what brings you to Brazil, Crosby, but if you ever want help—come to me. Before you are in this country long, you will hear of Stefan Bruenzli. Some of it will be good, some of it bad. But come anyway." He broke into laughter

again. "I'll teach you some more chess."

"That is an inducement," conceded Mark, and turned to Nita Ocana.

She looked at him with her dark, moody eyes. "And what inducement could I offer, Senhor Mark Crosby," she asked in a throaty voice, "that I might see you again?"

Mark overflowed with gallantry. "Senhora herself is all the inducement I require," he smiled, and bowed over her hand.

When the others had gone, Mark urged Irene: "It's a wonderful night. Let's take a walk along the waterfront."

She agreed and as they strolled through the now deserted streets she slipped her arm through his. And a feeling of hominess and well-being began to steal over Mark. "Tell me about the people who work for Scotty Dougal," he suggested.

That she hated the question he knew suddenly, without knowing how he knew it. She walked nearly a block before replying, and then she seemed to choose her words with caution.

"You must understand," she said finally, "that a mine like this is not a clear-cut organization such as you might have up home."

"I can understand that," said Mark. "Who's in charge—I mean, when Scotty is away?"

"The foreman. His name is Fernandez. Ignacio Fernandez."

"What's he like?"

She shrugged. "He's a big, tough Portuguese rough-neck, with a lot of Indian blood in him. He used to be a soldier of fortune, and he's wanted in several Central American countries as a revolutionist. But he knows mining and the back-country, and he's the only man in the outfit who can get any real work out of the natives."

"They idolise him. Ian also thinks the world of him."

"What do you think of him?"

Please turn to page 28

## PROVED by Amazing HALF-HEAD Tests New Shampoo Thrills Thousands!



No other shampoo tested beautified hair so thrillingly—yet left it so easy to handle!

Here is, perhaps, the strictest and most convincing test anyone has ever dared to make on a shampoo... a triumph for the exclusive patented "Collating" process. In these unique "half-head" tests, one side of the head is washed with Collated foam—the other with soap or powder shampoo.

1. The Collated side was far more lustrous and shining. 2. Felt smoother and silkier. 3. Took better permanent

waves, faster. 4. Hair retained more "spring"—fell back into more natural curl. Not a soap, not an oil, this amazing shampoo changes instantly into a magic-cleansing bubble foam that washes away grease, dirt and loose dandruff completely.

No special rinses needed, for there is no "soap scum" or oily residue to remove. Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser to-day for a bottle of Collated foam Shampoo.

(Costs less than 4d. a shampoo!)



# AWARD FOR VALOR

**He craved success, but found that a woman's love was infinitely more precious to him.**

**T**HE DC-2 was cocked up on her ear in a stall, and I was testing, shouting the readings to the inspector who sat in the co-pilot's seat beside me, when I heard Ben Grant, the Miami radio operator, go on the air.

"Miami to Three thirty-four—Miami to Three thirty-four."

We were at four thousand feet over Biscayne Bay. I yelled at the inspector to watch the tach, and reached for my microphone.

"Three thirty-four to Miami," I said. "Go ahead, Ben."

"Bill," Ben Grant said, "Charley found the Russians—I intercepted a message about it. He found them on an ice-floe four hundred miles north of Point Barrow, and picked them up."

I said: "Fine! Thanks for calling me!" I hung up my mike, and started reading the revs to the inspector again.

But I wasn't thinking about the revs. I was thinking about Charley—Charley Craig, my brother. I was happy and relieved, of course, and yet worried in a vague way.

For more than a month Charley had been in Alaska, searching for the Russians who had gone down in an attempted flight from Moscow to Portland. And now he had found them, after days of exquisite excitement.

There wasn't much basis for it, except my understanding of

how restless Charley always had been; but now I was wondering how he would like the humdrum routine of a run on the air line again.

We got all the prop and engine data we needed, and I went down and landed. Lucy and Gretel were still waiting in the car where I had left them.

Since Charley had been away Gretel had practically lived with Lucy and me; she liked people around her.

Lucy, my wife, looked incredibly young and fresh and beautiful, too.

Getting into the car I thought irrelevantly that it couldn't possibly be twelve years since we were married, but it was.

"Well, girls," I said, smug with my news, "Charley found his Russians to-day."

"Really?" Gretel exclaimed. A proud, happy glow came into her face. "Oh, that's wonderful! Is he all right? Where is he now? When will he be home?" Impulsively she grabbed Lucy and hugged her. "I can't wait to see him!"

"Knowing Charley as I do," Lucy said lightly, "I don't know whether you'll ever see him. After all, a man with twenty-five thousand dollars can go a long way!"

Gretel laughed. She and Charley had been married a little more than a year, and they adored each other. "He had better not spend that money!" she said. "We're going to buy a house with it." Then she added vivaciously: "Let's celebrate! I feel as if somebody had just lifted the world off my shoulders!"

So we celebrated. We went out to dinner, and then to a movie, and we all felt wonderful. For five weeks we had been under the strain of waiting for word that Charley was safe. Immediately after the Russians had been reported lost, he had taken leave from the air line and flown to Point Barrow. A rich explorer in New York had offered twenty-five thousand dollars and expenses to any pilot who found them; and Charley, having flown a good deal in Alaska before he took his job with the line, thought he knew where to look. So now, finally, he had succeeded, as he had succeeded eventually in everything he had ever attempted to do.

In a lot of ways he was an extraordinary chap. From the time

I could remember, he had been blessed—or cursed—with an insatiable craving for excitement and an almost feverish ambition. He had started in aviation as a wing-walker and acrobat with a flying circus, at seventeen, and he had made himself what he was. Outwardly he was hard-bodded, emotionless, cynical, but I knew that was only a pose.

It was because I thought so much of him and knew him so well that I was concerned about how he would like coming back to the line.

During the period waiting for Charley's return I reached the top of the co-pilot list, and was being checked out for promotion. I had a lot of things on my mind, but I kept up with developments. Charley made a triumphal return to New York. He had not been a noted figure in aviation before, but now he was an international hero, with the Russians lionizing him and inviting him to Moscow, and the President having him down to the White House for lunch.

All the publicity and build-up seemed funny to Gretel and Lucy and me, because we knew Charley didn't care about personal fame. He had gone to Alaska after twenty-five thousand dollars, and he had got it. It was only because of the accident of placement and timing that he had become famous, too.

Things like that seem to have a sort of self-energizing quality. For just at the height of Charley's acclaim the young son of a high American diplomat in London got a blood-stream infection, and the doctors over there had given up hope, when in a laboratory in New York some scientists discovered a new drug that would save him.

It all came up almost overnight; actually the night before Charley was supposed to leave New York and come home. The President himself called him and asked him if he could take that drug and a laboratory technician to London. Bang! "Can you fly to London to-night?"

Gretel came over to tell us, at five in the morning; Charley had phoned her just before taking off. Sitting with Lucy and me over coffee at that unholly hour, she explained the whole thing.

"How much is he getting?" I said. "Getting?" Gretel repeated. "Why, he's not getting anything."

"He's doing this for nothing?" I exclaimed. "He's using that reward money to fly medicine to a sick kid in London? Well, kitten, there goes your house. Aren't you furious?"

"No," Gretel said in a tone that showed she had never once thought about being furious. "After all, he's trying to save somebody's life."

"Well," Lucy said, "I think it's nice of him. I think it's a sweet thing to do. And it's just like Charley to do it."

I didn't say anything. I just sat there, drinking my coffee, doing a whole lot of thinking. There was something here that didn't add up to give the right answer. Charley was a generous chap, but he couldn't afford to go galloping across the Atlantic at his own expense, unless there was a chance to make something out of it. And there was no chance of that, doing favors for Government officials, even the President.

"Unless," I thought suddenly, "this is the beginning of—"

"What's the matter, Bill?" Lucy said abruptly.

"Nothing," I said. "Why?"

"There was the funniest look on your face," Lucy said.

I guess I'm still asleep," I said.

But I wasn't still asleep. I had never been so wide awake in my life.



*The passengers were barely in safety when the plane's remaining tanks blew up.*

Well, I got my promotion before Charley got back, and the first job they gave me was terrying ships to Santa Monica for a factory overhaul. That went on for almost three solid months, and I never got home.

But when I got home I got a terrific shock, because, three days before, Gretel had packed her things and left her home and Charley.

"But why?" I asked when Lucy told me.

"Wait till you see him," Lucy said. "What's the matter with him?"

Lucy shrugged. "Darling," she said, "I couldn't begin to tell you. But if your ego ever outgrows your

head the way his has, it'll take an air-mail letter a week to reach me!"

"So that's it," I said. I sat down heavily, scrubbing some of the weariness out of my face. I had flown nineteen hundred miles since daylight, and it was only ten o'clock at night now. "I thought anything else might happen to him, but I never thought he'd get a swelled head."

"It's pretty terrible," Lucy said. "He's famous, now."

"Isn't that irony?" I said wryly. "He didn't start this. He started out to save five Russians' necks, and to get twenty-five thousand dollars so he could buy Gretel a house.

It was an accident that he got famous."

"Not to hear him tell it, it wasn't," Lucy said.

I got up and went to the telephone. Nobody answered when I called Charley's house. I thought I would call again in the morning, and go over and talk to him. He needed Gretel. I didn't know how I could help him, but I wanted to try. I had seen him once before in a situation like this, when he thought he had lost her, and I was afraid he would go off the deep end. He had stopped drinking when she married him—but now he would probably start again; and he and alcohol didn't get on well together.

Please turn to page 26



# A.I.F. NURSES INSPIRED BESIEGED SINGAPORE

## Rescue squad found night sister calmly dusting bombed hospital

By HARRY KEYS

Our special correspondent in Singapore

In beleaguered Singapore a bomb hit one of the hospitals staffed by Australian nurses during a night raid.

When the rescue squad rushed up three flights of stairs, they found the night sister with a duster in her hand calmly clearing rubbish off the beds and generally setting the wards to rights.

She had already been around among her patients seeing that they were all right and had calmed down those rudely awakened from sleep by the explosion. Miraculously none had been injured, although one had a small glass splinter in his shoulder.

THIS story is typical of the courage and calmness of the Australian nurses.

I went round this hospital with Matron I. Drummond, of South Australia, and saw the girls at work.

Practically every bed in her large hospital had a patient in it, even in the chapel, where the altar had been boarded off.

The bomb had crashed at a corner of the building and the ceiling of the long room which was crowded with patients at the time had been wrecked.

Matron Drummond was proud of the manner in which the night sister had carried on. So were the boys.

There was a raid in progress when I was at this hospital, but no one appeared concerned.

### Superb courage

THERE were men with damaged legs or arms, propped up in their beds, working quietly away at cross-words.

Others were reading, and others sleeping. Some were sitting on the edge of their beds chatting cheerily to wounded comrades brought in only a short while ago, telling them of Sydney, recalling old sunny days, and promising them an early return home.

One of the most cheerful sights was the convalescent barber who was clipping a comrade's hair.

The latter had his arm and leg in plaster, and he had worked his way round to the foot of the bed, where he sat with his feet towards the head of his bed. Thus the pair achieved a most practical barber's chair.

Other convalescents were up and about lending a hand.

I saw one chap in the larder sitting at an enormous trestle table before an unbelievable number of rounds of sliced bread which he was buttering in preparation for lunch. Another man was slicing fresh juicy Malayan pineapples.

There wasn't one soldier in that hospital who was depressed.

Most of them called out a cheery "Hallo, George."

One man wounded only a few hours before by a Jap shell was among the brightest of the lot.

When I saw him he was on a stretcher being carried from an ambulance to the ward.

His knee had been splintered, but he lay quietly on that stretcher with arm crooked under his head.

When he saw Matron Drummond he raised himself and shouted "Hallo, Sister."

Matron Drummond waved to him as bearers took him into the theatre.

But there are sadder sights than this—men who had been badly hurt, men who had been wounded in their backs and obliged to lie face down on their stretchers.

A military hospital in a war zone has a grim background and an air of urgency.

It has everything essential for the treatment of wounded soldiers, but

A.I.F. NURSING SISTER in Singapore. With complete calm, our nurses there continue their routine work under fire.

none of the "trimmings" of a peacetime hospital—no visitors, no flowers.

Matron Drummond told me she is deeply grateful to the Australian Red Cross for kerosene refrigerators and other practical supplies.

She also told me how the Australian hospitals were transferred from Johore to Singapore within two days. Normally the transfer would have taken six weeks.

That is typical of the efficiency which is part and parcel of the Australian Army Hospital organisation.

The boys are receiving every care and attention possible from the nurses ministering to their wants. It is good to see them together.

### To safety

AS I write, there are few white women besides the nurses left in Singapore.

Singapore Harbor has been a scene of feverish activity for days past as women and children were being packed onto boats and taken away from this shattered fortress.

No praise is too great for the men of the British and Dutch Navies and Mercantile Marine, whose job it has been to save these families from the last ordeal of Singapore city.

Their boats have dodged in and out of the harbor ignoring the unceasing bombardment from land and air.

With superb calm, the men have helped anxious, harried mothers and bewildered children aboard, and then made off at full speed for a place of comparative safety.

Once there no time is lost. Passengers disembark and the ship returns to run the gauntlet of Singapore Harbor once again.

A small, but gallant, band of fighter pilots, Australians, New Zealanders, and British, are still taking off in their Hurricanes from Singapore to engage enemy formations.

It is all sadly reminiscent of Dunkirk...



MATRON (then Sister) I. M. DRUMMOND (seated, left) with Sisters E. M. Hannah, M. H. Dorich, E. Halfour Ogilby, and Matron E. Serlon at a farewell party in Australia. Matron Drummond escorted our Singapore representative round the hospital.



ANOTHER NURSE who was among the A.I.F. Sisters posted to Malaya.

### G.O.C. thinks only of his Diggers

"WE'RE in it again," is the reaction of the A.I.F. troops on Singapore island to relentless Japanese attack.

After a night of ceaseless artillery fire our correspondent met the G.O.C. the A.I.F., Major-General Gordon Bennett.

"He was climbing out of the shirt he had put on at dawn yesterday," he says.

"He had not been to bed. He had been up among his men, under heavy enemy artillery and mortar fire, once again thinking only of his Diggers."



MATRON PASCHKE and some of the nurses on her staff in Malaya at a happy tea-party in the days before Japan struck in the south-west Pacific.



# Thankful to be here...



HAPPY TIME for little Robin Wilshaw, of Malaya, when his host, Rev. C. W. Pegg, gives him an exhilarating swing.

## Mothers and children from Malaya settle gratefully in Australian homes

By TORA BECKINGSALE

"We would rather be with our husbands, but we are thankful to be in Australia for our children's sake" . . . This is the spirit of women who have come to Australia from Malaya and are courageously adapting themselves to their new life.

To see how they are settling down I went to Balaklava, a country town where forty-one women and children from Malaya are billeted in private houses. In many places in Australia I could have made much the same tour, heard much the same stories, seen much the same adjustment to a different world.

IT'S an entirely new design for living for these guests in Australia. No husbands to help them . . . no amahs to look after their children. No native servants to wait on them hand and foot.

Above all, the overwhelming sadness of being lonely, homeless, and bereft of all their possessions, and with heart-breaking anxieties for the fate of husbands still in the battle zone.

Warm-hearted women all over Australia are helping them . . . taking them into their homes, their lives, their affections, arranging for their children to be playmates with young Australians, and to share their toys.

Typical of all this are the visitors at Balaklava and their Australian hosts and hostesses.

I made a tour of some of the houses.

At the Rectory I found the Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Pegg's household had been doubled overnight. Mrs. Ronald Wilshaw was there with Jane and Robin and baby Robert.

All their worldly possessions came in a cabin trunk and two handbags.

"Luckily I have a few warm clothes for the children because I laid in a stock last time I went to England," said Mrs. Wilshaw, who is the wife of Major Wilshaw, of Kuala Lumpur.

The children were all playing happily outside. "We are so glad to have them as companions for Margaret," said Rev. Mr. Pegg as he went outside to give the little ones rides on his daughter Margaret's swing.

Only 20-months-old Robert was inside. He, like several of the babies, had caught a cold on the trip and was on the sick list.

Mrs. Arthur Gould was not so fortunate with clothes, because she had brought only light ones.

"But I began knitting at once



IAN CHARLESWORTH, of Balaklava, shows the school bell to interested Elizabeth Hindmarsh and Ruth Bowden, of Malaya. "We have a whistle at our school at home," say the little girls.

and have the children outfitted now," she said. Her two bonny children are Stephen and Marion.

Children staying with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Belling are having a wonderful time because the Bellings have a kangaroo, a cage full of lovebirds, five fluffy little Persian kittens and some fowls.

Margaret, 10½, and Michael, 9, joyfully gather the eggs each day and help to feed the fowls.

The children's mother, Mrs. John Rolph, was feeling very happy that day. She had just received a cable from her husband. "All well, Love and good luck, Jack."

A friend of Mrs. Rolph, who is at Balaklava, too, is Mrs. R. Taylor. With small daughter Joan, aged 4, she is staying with Mrs. H. H. Overton.

Mrs. Taylor had to leave her home at Ipoh with only 15 minutes' notice.

At Nurse Edith Cowan's house were Mrs. James Payne and Pippa (14) and Susan (13) Kennoway, and four-year-old Jillian Pearce, who has come here without her mother.

She was put on the boat at Singapore by her mother in charge of Mrs. Payne. She has grandparents



MARTON and Stephen Gould, from Malaya, by fallen gum tree in the garden of their hostess, Mrs. A. Kerley. They gathered leaves and chopped wood for her.

CHILDREN from Malaya, Margaret and Michael Rolph, with their hostess, Mrs. Charles Belling, look on with interest while Mr. Belling offers a juicy branch of lucerne to his pet kangaroo, Joey.



LESSONS at their new school for Elizabeth Hindmarsh (7) and Ruth Bowden (8). Headmaster of Balaklava Primary School, Mr. Bertram Robinson, overlooks their work.



AT THE RECTORY, Mrs. C. W. Pegg, of Balaklava, bottles fruit while Mrs. Ronald Wilshaw (Malaya) tops children's clothes, and Jane Wilshaw (left) and Margaret Pegg look on.

in England. Winsome brown-haired little Jillian is remarkably self-possessed.

She sat on the floor dressing her dolls and packing up doll's furniture because it was hot weather and she thought they should be sent up to the hills.

She chatted about air raids. "The

whistle would go and we would have to get into shelters."

Most of the children talk very philosophically about bombing. Entertaining little Elizabeth Hindmarsh said rather with glee that they missed school when there were raids.

I saw her at the Balaklava

MRS. JACK ROLPH delighted to get a cable from her husband: "All well. Good luck. Love . . . Jack," she reads.

Primary School, where she has started lessons with Ruth Bowden.

Elizabeth is staying with her mother at Mrs. A. L. Shuttleworth's, and Ruth with Mrs. A. Ahrens.

"Children from Malaya are a very fine type and very intelligent," said headmaster Mr. Bertram Robinson.

"I like it here, although it is a very different life," said Mrs. Jack Adderley, who, with son Douglas, is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Dick Munday.

For Mrs. Arthur Ward, who, with her son Arthur, 7, is living with Mr. and Mrs. William Underwood, there was very little social life at her home, she told me. She lived on one of the small islands, Pulau Brani, near Singapore.

Arthur saw a lot of the Malay children.

"I speak Malay," he said, and glibly rolled off long sentences.

"Nanti" he called to two women who were fixing a bridge table at the American tea in the Institute where his mother had taken him.

"That means wait," explained his mother, and she beamed when the small child politely sprang to help with the bridge table.

Very busy have been the two billeting officers, Mrs. Ray Harris and Mrs. Friend Edwards.

They act as liaison officers between the evacuees, the householders, and Mr. H. B. McLachlan, Controller of Quartering for the district.

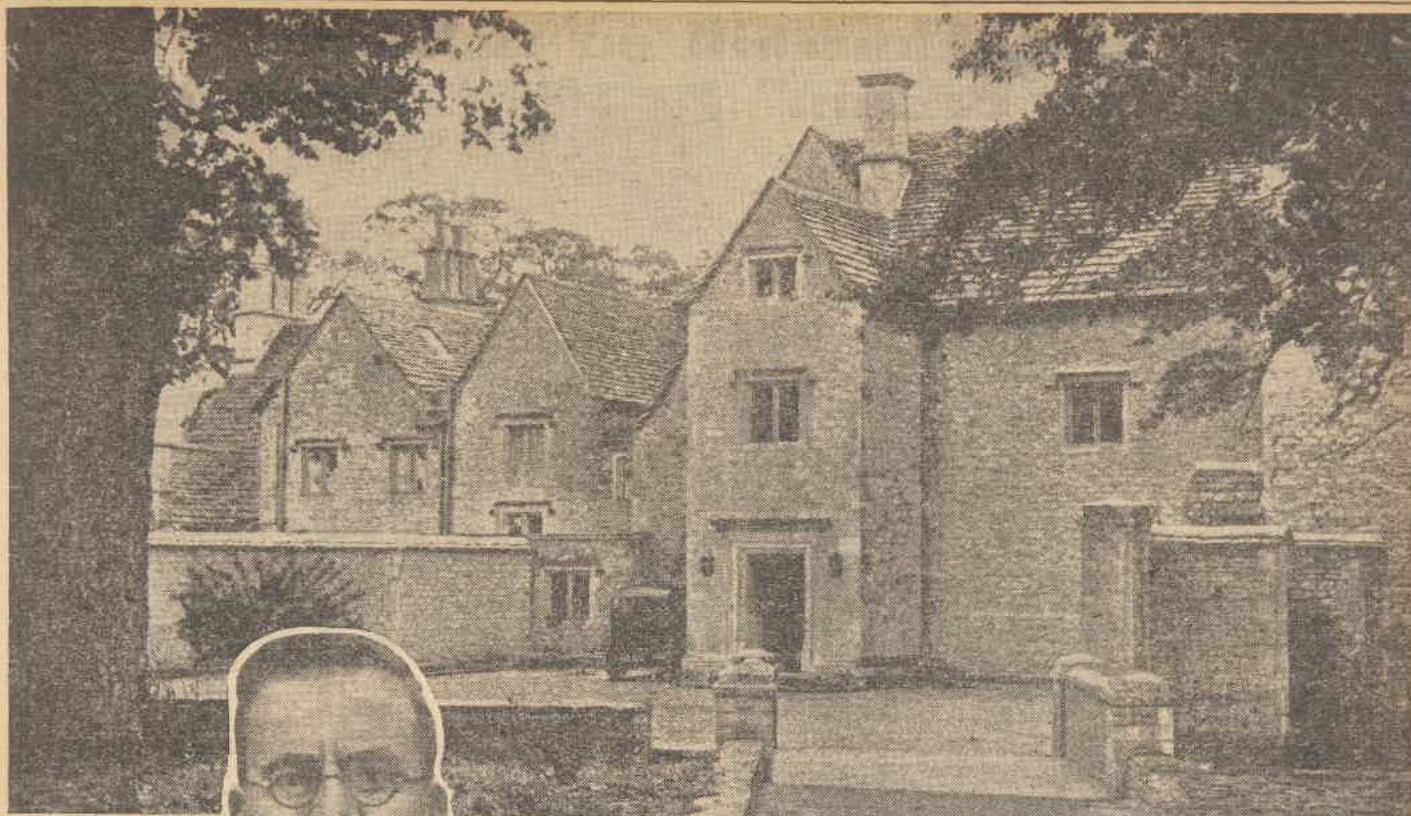
"We have had to see that the women with small babies have gone to homes where there are already cots and babies' baths and prams," said Mrs. Harris. "The Red Cross has been marvellous in providing clothes," she added.

"The settling in of women from Malaya at Balaklava was splendidly organised by Mr. McLachlan," said Col. G. D. Shaw, Commissioner of Civil Defence.

"The night they arrived the station was shut to all people except the billeting officers, who met the women. Then V.S.D.'s escorted them to cars and their new homes."

"The evacuees were all settled in their new homes in half an hour. The first woman and her baby were at home in eight minutes."





## STAFFORD CRIPPS ... *new force in British politics*



**SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS**, former Ambassador to Russia, shown against the background of his lovely home in the Cotswolds.



**LADY CRIPPS** and Madame Maisky, wife of Soviet Ambassador, at a London art show.



**DIANA** (Mrs. Weaver), daughter of Sir Stafford Cripps.



**SOLICITOR-GENERAL.** Sir Stafford Cripps earned £30,000 at Bar.



**SIGNING** of Anglo-Soviet pact was Sir Stafford's greatest achievement. The Russians trust and like him. He says Russians will sit in Berlin!



**LORD PARMOOR**, father of Sir Stafford. Led House of Lords.



# Editorial

FEBRUARY 21, 1942

## THESE DAYS OF SUSPENSE

IN these dark hours, the sympathy of the whole nation goes out to the many thousands of Australian women who wait in an agony of suspense for news of their loved ones in the battle zone.

Theirs is a grievous burden.

Every Australian has a heavy heart now. Every Australian is aware of the nation's peril, of the closeness of the threat to all our homes as the news from the north grows hourly worse.

*But in the heavy hearts of those whose men are fighting this desperate battle there is a sharper pain and a nearer heart-break.*

Everywhere they are gallantly carrying on the daily round which must seem so trivial and unimportant. Everywhere they are facing the routine tasks which cannot be set aside when a heart aches.

But they are lying awake at night.

All Australia shares their vigil. The men to whom we owe so much are brothers to us all as they pass through this grim ordeal, outnumbered and insufficiently protected from the air.

News of their fate is awaited with an anxiety that eclipses all the other and many urgent considerations of the grave situation in which we stand.

These men have bought for us a precious meed of time with their sufferings. Many have paid with their lives.

*To the women who wait to hear the fate of some young brave boy we can express only a reverent sympathy and a sincere sharing of their sorrow and suspense.*

—THE EDITOR.

## Mrs. Churchill on visit to "Bundles for Britain"

"Please thank Australia," she told London chairman

Cabled from London

By MURIEL MACKAY

London Executive Chairman for Australia's "Bundles for Britain"



MRS. CHURCHILL at the London office of "Bundles for Britain."

I HAVE just spent one of the most memorable fortnights of my life conducting visitors round Harrods' exhibition of "Bundles for Britain."

As I write, their amazement and gratitude at the extent of the effort America and Australia have made for them rings in my ears.

In every accent, from Cockney twang and Lancashire dialect to Mayfair drawl I've received their thanks.

I've given assurance to these English people that I'll tell Australians how deeply grateful they are for the help given them. But first I must tell you of Mrs. Winston Churchill's visit, and of her sincere, heartfelt, "Please thank Australians. They are truly marvellous."

Mrs. Churchill, honorary sponsor for "Bundles for Britain" from America with which we are affiliated, has been very busy since I received the honor of representing Australia's "Bundles," and I've not had the opportunity of meeting her.

Her Aid for Russia Fund has already passed the million pound mark, and this has kept her going night and day.

Then when the Prime Minister's speech in Parliament after returning from America was scheduled to take place at the same time as the opening of the Exhibition, I thought once again I'd miss meeting Mrs. Churchill and telling her personally just what Australia's effort was.

The Prime Minister's lady, however, was as good as her word, and as her husband faced up to his critics in Parliament, Mrs. Churchill stepped out of her car, accompanied by Lady

Strathallan, who is deputising for Countess Beatty, American "Bundles" executive chairman, to see "Bundles for Britain" on show.

She is so much lovelier than her photographs picture her that I would like to tell you how she impressed me. Fresh-complexioned, with her fair skin and lovely rose-tinted cheeks, she is unbelievably youthful-looking, with deep blue eyes that sparkle as she talks and silver-grey hair all perfectly set off with a black astrachan coat and feathered felt hat.

But it is the warmth of Mrs. Churchill's personality that is the nicest thing. She radiates sympathy and kindness.

The camera seems always to portray a slightly austere though gracious woman with a smile playing at the corners of her mouth, but the camera never catches a friendliness that is so communicative. I



THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER inspecting winter clothes provided by "Bundles for Britain" and distributed through the Soldiers, Sailors, and Airmen's Families' Association, London.



MRS. MURIEL MACKAY, London

Executive Chairman of Australian "Bundles for Britain," passes over some comforts to a willing helper for distribution.

—Photo, Gaumont-British Newsreel.

soon found myself telling Mrs. Churchill all about Australia, and the effort made there.

Of course, America's "Bundles for Britain" are on a much bigger scale, for it has been going a long time, and extends from garments to X-ray plants, and even entire hospitals which have been built and maintained.

Mrs. Churchill was keenly interested in Australia's effort, and I was able to give her an account from the Northern Midlands and some recently blitzed seaport towns that received our "Bundles."

The fact that I'd not one garment to show her is proof how urgently these clothes were needed, for the Women's Voluntary Services have rushed the ships which sling the huge bales on to docks and have distributed them within a few days in some cases.

### More work for 'Bundles for Britain'

SINCE the war with Japan commenced, "Bundles for Britain," Sydney, has been busier than ever.

The honorary secretary writes:

"Apart from the fact that we are still sending large quantities of clothing to Britain, we are supplying them to anyone out here who is in need—for example, the people evacuated from Malaya and other northern countries; children evacuated to the country, and dependents of Service men."

"This means we need even more help in the way of money donations and contributions of new or good clean clothing. 'Woolen goods are the great need in Britain, but here, of course, we are able to make good use of all light garments.'"

We arranged a display in three rooms on the ground floor of Harrods, and the committee took it in turn to explain the effort to the visitors to give them an idea how vast the organisation has grown, both in America and Australia.

On view we had samples of the different types of gifts sent, ranging from children's shoes and blankets to seamen's sweaters, and photographs of the ambulances, canteens, children's cots, cases of new surgical instruments, and so on.

"I think the Australians' effort is magnificent," Mrs. Churchill said, when she'd talked with me for nearly an hour. "We are deeply grateful," and I heard her words echoed over and over again on the succeeding days of the exhibition.

We are taking the exhibits on a tour of every provincial city, so the whole of Britain will have a chance to see the help that comes to them from so far away.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By WEP.





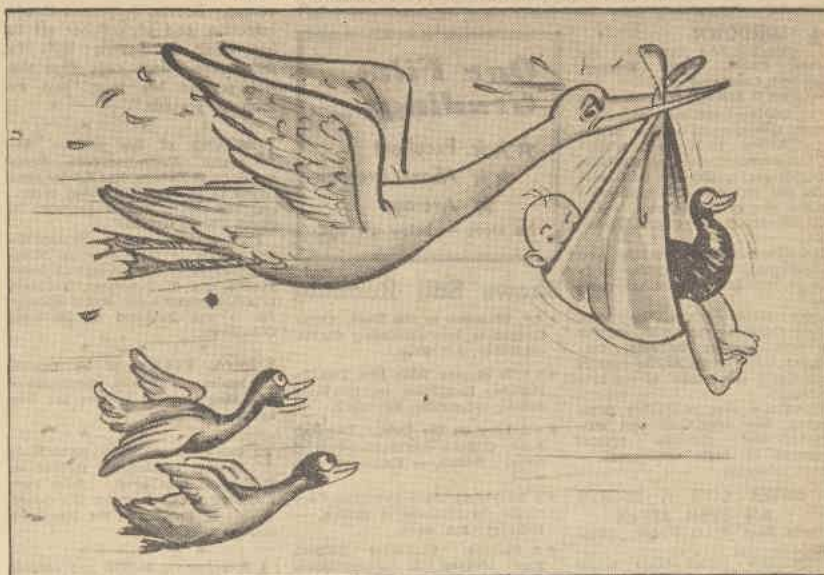
**HOUSEWIFE:** It's hard to believe these days that vegetables come out of the ground.

**GROCER:** Why?

**HOUSEWIFE:** They're sky-high!

## A RATION OF FUN

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



"There goes lazy-bones hitching a ride again."



**PEGGY:** I thought your soldier fiancé was taking you out to-night?

**JOAN:** So he was, but he's very sick. He isn't allowed out for a week because he's got C.B.



**MOPSY—** The Cheery Redhead.

"Fred says he loves me for my beautiful complexion."  
"Yeah, a fresh one every day."



"Well, there she is. Although I admit I was stumped at first when you said you wanted cannons on 'em."

## £5000 RED CROSS DREAM HOME

**TICKETS NOW ON SALE**

At Red Cross Branches, Newsagents, and our Headquarters, Prudential Building, 39 Martin Place, Sydney.

**OR IF YOU WOULD LIKE TICKETS SENT TO YOU FILL IN THIS COUPON CLEARLY AND MAIL TO-DAY**

To the Secretary,  
RED CROSS DREAM HOME,  
Box 65 CC, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

I understand that Dream Home tickets are available NOW.

Single tickets cost 1/- each.

Books of 6 tkts. cost 5/- each (1 free ticket).

Books of 12 tkts. cost 10/- each (2 free tickets).

Please forward me ..... tickets in the Dream Home

..... books of 6 tickets

..... books of 12 tickets

for which I enclose ..... shillings.

Name .....

Address .....

State .....

I enclose a 2d. stamp, to help the Red Cross.

## Brainwaves

• A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

TWO young doctors met for the first time since they were at the University.

"I'm specialising in nerve treatment," said one.

"And have you had any success?"

"Too right I have. Why, when I finished my last case the patient asked me to lend him £10!"

SAID the fastidious customer: "Two eggs, please. Don't fry them a second after the white is cooked. Don't turn them over. Not too much fat. Just a small pinch of salt on each, no pepper . . . Well, what are you waiting for?"

"The hen's name is Betty," ventured the waiter. "Is that all right, sir?"

"WHAT do you think of my new hat? I earned it myself."

"How was that?"

"Trained my husband not to smoke."

"SMITH wants me to lend him some money. Do you know anything about him?"

"Why, I know him as well as I know you. Don't lend him a penny, old man."

"IS that man annoyed with you? I noticed he didn't return your greeting."

"Oh, he lives next door to me. He never returns anything."

# RADIO HOLLYWOOD

**THURSDAY 7.45 pm**

## MUSIC COMEDY QUIZ

- Guest Stars of Radio, Screen, and Stage.
- Hollywood Ace-pot and the latest news from Movieland by The Hollywood Reporter.
- Hit Tunes of the screen by Reg. Lewis and his Macquarie Band with Barbara James.

Comper Johnny Walker.

# 2GB



# PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

## ★ ★ SUNDOWN

(Week's Best Release)  
Bruce Cabot, Gene Tierney,  
(Twentieth Century-Fox.)

WALTER WANGER presents a tale of intrigue and rebellion at a British Government outpost in the East of Africa. In it you have spying, gun-running, vivid atmosphere, rolling drums, a beautiful half-caste native girl, but with this is blended wartime victory propaganda voiced most effectively by Cedric Hardwicke.

Gene Tierney, very beautiful and alluring, plays the mysterious half-caste girl (she isn't really a half-caste at all).

Bruce Cabot plays the local British Commissioner who outwits the Axis plotters bringing ammunition by seaplane to the natives—and Cabot steals most of the acting honors.

While the plot is rather complicated, the drama is well sustained, and provides several sequences of high excitement.—Regent; showing.

## ★ NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK

Gloria Jean, W. C. Fields, (Universal.)

FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD singer Gloria Jean and bulbous-nosed comedian W. C. Fields, playing themselves, are teamed in this diverting little nonsense tale.

Fields is trying to sell a film story idea to producer Franklin Pangborn. Gloria is Fields' niece. The film is at its most amusing when Fields drops from a plane in the mountains, where he meets a man-hater and her pretty daughter.

You'll enjoy Gloria's two songs, especially her rendering of "Dark Eyes." She has an attractive personality.—Capitol; showing.

## Our Film Gradings

★★★★ Excellent

★★★ Above average

★★ Average

No stars—below average.

## Shows Still Running

★★★ Blossoms in the Dust. Greer Garson in heart-warming drama.—Liberty; 9th week.

★★★ It Started With Eve. Deanna Durbin, laughter in sparkling comedy.—Lyceum; 9th week.

★★★ Love on the Dole. Deborah Kerr, Clifford Evans in powerful social drama.—Embassy; 8th week.

★★ Suspicion. Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant in suspenseful drama.—Century; 8th week.

★★ Skylark. Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland in sophisticated comedy.—Prince Edward; 6th week.

★★ Billy the Kid. Robert Taylor as Western hero in picturesque technicolor adventure.—St. James; 5th week.

★★ Our Wife. Pleasing romantic comedy with Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Hussey, and Ellen Drew.—State; 3rd week.

★★ Hot Spot. Betty Grable, Victor Mature, Carole Landis share excitement of good tough American thriller.—Plaza; 3rd week.

# Here's hot news from all the studios!

CABLED FROM HOLLYWOOD

By Barbara O'Connor, our special representative

VIC MATURE is now in hospital recovering from one of those Hollywood accidents. Make-up used for a fat-and-feathering movie scene caused serious swelling of the actor's hands and feet.

From his sickbed, Vic threw a bombshell by announcing that he was separating from his wife, the former Mrs. Martha Kemp, who was married to him only last year. When interviewed, Martha, however, denied all knowledge of such a plan, thus causing complete confusion.

JOAN FONTAINE will definitely star in Selznick's "Jane Eyre."

STRUCK by a falling microphone boom on the set of "Saboteur," Priscilla Lane was saved from serious injury only by the high hairdress she was wearing. The doctor sent her to bed for three days, suffering from slight concussion, but she has now returned to work.

FRANCES DEE, wife of Joel McCrea, is making her film comeback in Columbia's "Something Borrowed." She will co-star with William Holden.

DEWEY-EYED and excited, Teresa Wright told me that she is to marry the well-known writer, Niven Busch, as soon as she finishes her current film, "Pride of the Yankees." Teresa is the pretty twenty-year-old stage actress who enchanted Hollywood by her portrayal of Bette Davis' daughter in "The Little Foxes"—her first film.

ACTRESS Martha Scott and her husband, Carleton Osgood, the radio announcer, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

LATEST star to show interest in the production side of the movie business is ambitious Joan Crawford. Joan has asked her studio, MGM, to allow her to try her hand as a producer of short subjects, with a view to producing feature-length films later on.

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX has already lined up for Alice Faye the film she is to make after the birth of her baby. It's called "Coney Island."

MADEIRA CARROLL is now on her way to New York to begin that war work for which she volunteered on the outbreak of the Pacific War.

AFTER spending a few days quietly resting at Rogue River, Oregon, where he drove with only his chauffeur as companion, Clark Gable is returning to Hollywood.

BEFORE returning to Hollywood, Anna Neagle will make a war benefit tour of Canada. With director Herbert Wilcox Anna flew from Hollywood to England last year to film the life of Amy Johnson, which was completed a few weeks ago.

REMEMBER "The Yearling"? MGM began work on this unlucky film over eighteen months ago, then was forced to shelve it owing to production difficulties. The studio plans to resume shooting in the near future, but Gene Eckman, the boy originally chosen to star in the film, has outgrown his role. Fourteen-year-old English Roddy McDowall is now being tested for this part.

## Back to Reality

Continued from page 4

NOT that Laurel disliked Toby. On the contrary, that long-legged, broad-shouldered, humorous young reporter from the *Paloma* paper had been especially nice to Judge Powell's new secretary. So nice, in fact, that for the past few weeks Miss Blair had been steadily refusing all of his invitations.

No use getting tied down to one young man, Laurel cautioned herself, not even laughing Toby Leeds.

The Reverend Claudius Chapman of Grace Chapel was an attractive young man, too—although a bit on the serious side—and just as attentive as the impetuous young reporter. It would be easy enough to fall in love with Toby, but why care too much when he made it so plain that he wasn't going to let marriage stand in the way of his progress?

She called Toby and his answer came through a muted medley of typewriter clicking, telephone bells and masculine voices. "This is Leeds." A nice deep voice.

"This is Laurel Blair. Remember me?"

"Certainly. You're the red-headed Jane that turned me down last week when I had passes for a movie."

"This is more romantic than a movie. It's a wedding."

"Not yours?"

"Not mine. I'm just the stage manager. You know Miss Langley in the county clerk's office?"

"The one they call Cupid? Of course. She was there when they laid the cornerstone. Not Rose? Come to lunch with me and tell me all."

Going to lunch, Laurel proceeded to tell him—all. "... and so I want you to get me a lot of men for the wedding. The right kind."

"Evening wedding... hum... that means you want them dressed... I'm to provide them just like that. Where's the hitching post?"

"Grace Chapel. The Reverend Mr. Chapman's church."

"All right. I'll do my best."

They would have talked things over again the next evening, but it was the night of the symphony concert. Weeks ago Laurel had accepted the very correct and formal invitation to attend it with the handsome young minister.

So, between days filled with work, casual dinners with Toby and invitations from the Reverend Claudius, the two weeks went by in a whirl for Laurel.

Then, for good measure, there was the surprising gesture of Judge Powell.

Laurel's admiration for her employer was combined with considerable awe, for the portly, white-haired judge treated his staff with kindness, but a vast impersonality. It took all the girl's courage to mention Rose's wedding. But she did, her brown eyes shining with eagerness, her cheeks flaming as she spoke.

"... it is asking a great deal, but if you and Mrs. Powell would be willing to come... it would make Miss Langley so proud to have you there..."

Judge Powell's answer to the wedding invitation came promptly, not to Laurel but to Rose. In the shape of a note in delicate, old-fashioned writing. Rose showed it at noon, her eyes filling with tears as the two read it together.

"My Dear Miss Langley—"

"Judge Powell and I shall be very greatly honored if you will permit us to give an informal reception for you and Mr. Hardy at our home after the ceremony at Grace Chapel. If you will allow us the privilege it will confer a favor on two old people who, long ago, planned such a reception for their only daughter, who was taken from them before her wedding day."

"Sincerely yours,  
"Antoinette St. John Powell."

Andrew Jackson Hardy looked exactly as Laurel had expected he would when Rose, radiant with pride and affection, introduced him on Saturday morning. He was long and brown and thin, with greying hair and blue eyes set deep in a network of small wrinkles, and in his gaze when it rested on Rose there was protection, adoration.

"I can never thank you enough, Miss Blair, for all your kindness to my little girl—" he held Rose's hand in his own huge brown one as he spoke. "I mean to try my hardest to make her happy."

He would, Laurel knew. He would be all understanding and devotion and consideration.

The rehearsal was prompt and brief. Mr. Briggs was willing to take a half-hour from his afternoon of

golf so that he might know the exact moment to step forward and give the bride away.

The clergyman, though not hurried, showed no inclination to linger over the rehearsal longer than was absolutely necessary. He was taking Laurel afterwards to an exhibition of old books, and he wanted all the time possible to browse among the treasures.

Toby was in a hurry on general principles. He went through his part with a sulky, bored manner so utterly unlike his own genial, natural self that Laurel whispered to him, "Cheer up, my lad. This isn't a hanging."

Even the bride-to-be was flustered and gave the responses in a tone so low her fiancé could hardly hear them. The hairdresser was coming at two...

The only principal of the wedding party who moved serenely through the short rehearsal was Andrew Jackson Hardy. He stood calmly at the chancel rail and the light in his eyes as Rose advanced down the aisle on Mr. Briggs' pudgy arm transfigured his lean, brown face.

ROSE stood before the mirror in her bedroom, thoughtful and very still. Around her on the floor rippled the creamy folds of the satin gown's long train; soft lace cascaded over it from the tiny Juliet cap of pearls. She thought of Andrew standing there by the chancel rail, remembered all the tenderness that shone in his lean, brown face.

That image in the mirror before her—the woman in bridal satin and rose-strewn lace—should be the figure of a girl! The face under the cap should be fresh, unmarked by time. Her own was the face of a woman who had worked and waited and been patient—too long. And the years had slipped away.

Preposterous. Dyed hair. Silly. The words rang in her ears.

Rose turned from the reflection in satin and lace to the neat blue suit and turban ready to wear to-night. The soft, familiar wool felt homely and substantial to her touch. A hurried knock sounded at her door. "Miss LaPlante, ma'am."

"Just a minute," Rose slipped off

the veil and gown. "Come in, please."

Miss LaPlante opened her bag and tied on her apron. "I'm sorry to be late, Miss Langley, but my last customer was having all the color taken out of her hair and it took longer than we thought. Now—we'll restore the color first..."

Rose spoke with resolution. "No, Miss LaPlante, don't restore the black. Make it all white—and dress it low, to wear with a small round turban."

Scowling, Toby Leeds pressed the bell of Laurel's tiny apartment. Laurel opened the door—and in her street clothes, Toby noted. "Oh, you—!" Was the expression on her face surprise or pleasure or amusement? He couldn't tell. "Come in."

"Yes, ma. I'm the best man, remember?"

Laurel ran her fingers through her rumpled curls and laughed.

"You seem to find it very comical," Toby glared. "After all, Laurel, you asked me to help you—and even if you went off with that stuffed clerical shirt all the afternoon I'll keep my promise. So far as I'm concerned they can get hitched without all this tomfoolery—it was you who wanted this to be the perfect wedding."

Laurel managed to speak through her gusts of laughter. "It was. It is. They've had it. Judge Powell married them at four o'clock—in his study."

"You're raving."

"I'm talking sense. Rose found she couldn't go through with it. Andrew never wanted a big wedding."

"But to-night! The church! The reception?" Toby stammered.

"The reception will be just the same. But Rose says it seems a shame to waste that lovely veil."

"Laurel—" Leeds took one long stride forward and held out his arms. "Don't waste that veil. I never put in such a miserable afternoon as this. Marry me. I still haven't any money. But to-day cured me—looking at Rose and Andrew with all those wasted years behind them." His deep voice was vibrant.

"But you still haven't told me you love me..."

"Just a minute," Rose slipped off

EAGERLY he interrupted her: "I've been wanting to tell you that since the first day I saw you with the light shining on your lovely hair..."

Toby pressed his lips against it. "This afternoon, when you were with another man, when I looked at Hardy and Rose, I realised I couldn't keep from asking you. We can't make the same mistake, can we, Laurel?"

No words were necessary to answer him.

Stately tapers of white wax lifted glowing points of flame to mark the altar of Grace Chapel, and waxen lilies with hearts of gold poured out their heady fragrance. Strains of the organ drifted from soft to softer melody while the wedding guests slipped into their places in the pews. The mystic hush of expectancy that prefaces all weddings filled the chapel.

The Reverend Claudius Chapman was a man of self-possession and poise—and to-night he needed it.

Tall and impressive in his surplice he let his thoughts stray for a full moment from the time-honored service. Perhaps it was for the best, after all. Beautiful and winsome as she was, there were moments when Laurel had seemed a bit too frivolous to be a clergyman's wife.

The organ lifted its mighty voice to a new but old, old tempo—the guests rose and glanced toward the back of the church. Toby Leeds, with one of his pals beside him, entered from the vestry. He stood very tall and straight and his eyes were grave.

At the rear of the chapel, her hand on Mr. Briggs' arm, the bride started down the aisle. A tiny cap of pearls rested on her copper curls, her pliant face, with eyes brown as panicles, was veiled by a cloud of filmy lace, and a train of white satin spread behind her.

A ripple of surprise ran from guest to guest. A murmur... a low exclamation of amazement... a gasp!

In a back pew Andrew Jackson Hardy reached a big brown hand to clasp Rose's—a left hand wearing a very new wedding ring.

Toby Leeds turned to meet the bride—the gravity of his face illuminated.

"Dear, beloved"—began the richly sonorous tones of the clergyman.

Rose Langley whispered to her husband—"I always knew it would be a perfect wedding!"

(Copyright)



# The Movie World

February 21, 1942

13



## JANE WITHERS

• Surprising new threat to movie glamor girls is the once chubby child star, now a slim, pretty sub-deb, as you can see by the

Twentieth Century-Fox portrait on this page. Although only fifteen, Jane plays older roles on the screen, and would like to handle adult

drama soon. She is to free-lance from now on. Jane is permitted to go out unchaperoned, her favorite escort being Jackie Searl.



## Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made  
Mixture That Quickly Darkens It.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Of course, you could do the mixing yourself to save expense. "Just get a small box of Orice Compound from your chemist and mix up with 1 ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce Glycerine and a half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Tidy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

## Antiseptic Oil Heals Eczema

Must give Results in 7 Days or Money  
Back, say the makers, who will Gladly  
Return the Purchase Price if it doesn't  
Help You

Make up your mind to-day that you  
are going to give your skin a real  
chance to get well.

Never mind what caused it—you've  
probably been like a lot of other people  
convinced that the only thing to use  
was an ointment or salve (some of  
them are very good), but in the big  
majority of cases these sticky salves  
simply clog the pores and the condition  
primarily remains the same.

Go to any chemist to-day and get an  
original bottle of Moore's Emerald Oil.  
The very first application will give  
you relief, and a few short treatments  
will thoroughly convince you that by  
sticking faithfully to it for a short  
while your skin troubles will be gone.

Don't expect a single bottle to do it  
all at once, but one bottle we know will  
show you beyond all question that you  
have discovered a sure way to restore  
your skin to perfect health.

Moore's Emerald Oil is a clean,  
powerful, penetrating, antiseptic oil  
that does not stain or leave a greasy  
residue; it must give complete satis-  
faction or money cheerfully refunded.

# GARY COOPER ISN'T SO SHY

LANKY COWBOY IS  
MAN OF WORLD NOW

"WOULD you," asked  
Gary Cooper, "like to  
hear something about this  
film we are making?"

"Delighted," was my reply.  
So the most misunderstood man  
in Hollywood stood in front of me  
and began to talk with ease. We  
were on the set and Gary was free  
for a time while lights were  
being adjusted. I gazed up at him;  
he was worth steady absorption. It  
seemed to me that the camera did  
not really do his looks or his grace  
justice.

Then something happened. My  
neck from prolonged stretching be-  
gan to crack. I still wanted to look  
at Mr. Cooper; I still wanted to listen  
to Mr. Cooper. And his father and  
I occupied the only two seats in  
sight—I had the honor of sitting in  
Gary's own little canvas chair.

Greatly daring, considering that  
Gary was dressed for his part, I ven-  
tured "Would you mind sitting on  
the floor, Mr. Cooper?"

He was charmed. Stretching his  
lazy length beside me he continued  
the story of the picture, showing a  
highly intelligent grasp of its  
essentials and saying how much he  
liked it.

The three of us drifted into a talk  
of England and America. Gary  
Cooper's father comes from Bed-  
fordshire, his mother, from whom  
he inherits his good looks, is also  
English. Gary was educated partly  
in England, so again it was easy to  
listen while father and son talked.

And presently I realised that  
Cooper had gone through his film  
life on the first build-up that studios  
gave him—the handsome, the shy,  
the inarticulate cowboy.

If Gary were not, under that mis-  
leading diffidence of manner, his  
own man, could he have made "Mr.  
Deeds Goes to Town"? Would he  
have been cast for this present role  
opposite Barbara Stanwyck in  
RKO's "Ball of Fire"? Samuel Gold-  
wyn, producer of this film, cast Gary  
as a professor who, with seven assist-

From  
Christine  
Webb  
in  
Hollywood



ants, is compiling an  
encyclopedia. The  
work does not offer  
much difficulty until  
it comes to the defi-  
nition of slang, and  
then the unworldly  
professor and his  
seven assistants are  
alike lost.

Professor decides to  
look for somebody  
who gets out and  
about, and choice  
falls upon the ice  
man. Ice man is full  
of ideas, and tells  
the professor the  
"right places" in  
which he must look  
for information.  
One of the abso-  
lutely right places is a night-club,  
and there the professor meets the  
dancer, Barbara Stanwyck.

The dancer teaches the professor  
a great deal, but it is not until she  
arrives at his home that things really  
begin to happen. Barbara has not  
only fled from the police, but is being  
pursued by a gangster about whom  
she knows too much.

Presently the book-lined home of  
Professor Potts is invaded by gang-  
sters, and Gary has to become ex-  
ceedingly learned and daze his  
assailants with what Americans call  
ten-dollar or ten-buck words. He  
admits some of the words were diffi-

cult of mastication, but in the  
quiet Cooper manner he went on  
with the task for the director,  
Howard Hawks.

Cooper should be known as the  
star who never made a scene on a  
set. He has too much dignity for  
that, and when he is not satisfied  
he goes into the matter with quiet  
determination.

He is a rich man; had he been  
less intelligent he might have been,  
despite his vast earnings, a poor one.  
For Gary likes to spend, and he loves  
to give. In order to protect himself  
he was persuaded before his mar-  
riage to Sandra Shaw to place his  
affairs in the hands of a manager.  
The manager made him a small  
allowance and Gary gave his solemn  
promise not to exceed it.

"When, however," he said, "I found  
myself without the necessary 25  
cents for the cheapest seat in a  
picture theatre I told my manager

• Night-club entertainer and  
professor: otherwise Barbara  
Stanwyck, Gary Cooper in RKO's  
unusual comedy, "Ball of Fire."

that the allowance must be a little  
more elastic."

For a short while—and it was some  
years ago—Gary rode high, wide, and  
handsome in Hollywood. The quiet,  
the supposedly shy and awkward  
Cooper developed a weakness for  
driving his high-powered sports car  
at 80 miles an hour.

To-day Gary Cooper is a man of  
the world. His varying experi-  
ences have brought him a long way  
from the lanky Montana cowboy who  
first faced the camera. He is still  
quiet, still has the shy manner, but  
his eyes have a habit of smiling  
when the face is in repose. This  
proves that Mr. Cooper is a man of  
discernment and understanding.



## Persil Whiteness takes the eye!

WHENEVER WHITENESS IS ON PARADE trust Persil's  
results to steal the show! You see, Persil's gentle oxygen-  
charged suds shift the "anchored" dirt that other suds  
can't budge. It gets things whiter than anything else  
simply by washing so much cleaner.



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P. 175.84

## You can do as I did Stop INDIGESTION

"For months I suffered acute pain  
from indigestion and stomach  
trouble. I tried several remedies  
without result. I was recommended  
to try De Witt's Antacid Powder.  
After only four doses I was greatly  
relieved. Now, after taking about  
half a tin," writes Mr. A. G. V., "I  
have completely recovered. I have  
told other people about De Witt's  
Antacid Powder, for I am very  
thankful and overjoyed at the  
benefits I have received."

"You can do as I did." That's the  
advice of a host of sufferers who have  
ended indigestion and stomach trouble  
with this quick-action remedy. So, even  
if you have suffered for years, there is  
no need for despair.

De Witt's Antacid Powder overcomes  
indigestion and stomach trouble because,  
firstly, it neutralises excess stomach acid.  
Then it soothes and protects the inflamed  
stomach lining. Finally, it helps to digest  
your food whilst your digestion is being  
restored to normal. Why suffer longer?

End stomach troubles now  
and eat what you like.  
Get your sky-blue canister  
to-day!

## DeWitt's ANTACID POWDER

A proved remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn,  
Flatulence and Gastritis. Obtainable from chemists and stores, in  
large sky-blue canisters, price 2/7½, Giant size 4/8, inc. Sales Tax.





# Beauty Mask

Awaken the sleeping beauty of your skin with LOURNAY BEAUTY MASK... as a supplement to your daily skin care. Let the gentle magic of this supreme achievement of modern cosmetic science remove the blemish-making impurities that lurk in the pores. *Lournay Beauty Mask* reveals your skin in its true and exquisite transparency. Created from a secret formula, *Lournay Beauty Mask* is sure in its mission, swift in its achievement yet its simple application enables you to have an exclusive salon treatment in your own home.



LOURNAY BEAUTY MASK refines the pores and clears away blemishes caused by excess acids and impurities. Paint a thin film of Beauty Mask over the entire face... massage it lightly into the skin... then a heavier application, which is left on over-night.

10/7

LOURNAY CLEANSING CREAM efficiently removes all traces of the Beauty Mask and massages away all impurities brought to the surface of the skin.

4/9



*Lournay*  
COSMETICS



## UGLY RED HEAT RASH DISAPPEARS



For weeks I'd been looking forward to a "31st." With only 3 days to go, an ugly red heat rash broke out on my back and arms.



When Saturday came my skin was perfectly clear. I had a marvellous time thanks to REXONA's special combination of six healing medicaments. Get a tin to-day.

REXONA'S remarkable results are due to its special combination of SIX healing medicaments. Get a tin to-day.



1/7 in the green triangular tin (3 times the quantity 3/2)

## They can't call me "Podgy" now



I've reduced my waist, my hips and my bust by three inches since I started taking Ford Pills and following the diet chart. They can't call me "Podgy" now.

Ford Pills are marvellous for indigestion, Constipation, Stomach Trouble, Rheumatism and Overweight. They contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit to keep you well in Nature's way.

Start a course of Ford Pills to-day. Get Ford Pills in the new Red and Gold unbreakable tubet.

2/7 and 12/4. Everywhere. Note: 2/7 tubet hold more than three times 12/4 tubet. F.P.18.

## FORD PILLS

# DRAMA IN DEEP SHADOW



1 MRS. FISKE (Isobel Elsom) entertains Louisa (Edith Barrett), Emily (Lanchester), sisters of employee Ellen (Ida Lupino).



2 SUSPICIONS of maid, Lucy (Evelyn Keyes), aroused by the silly Emily.



4 ELLEN'S relative, Albert (Louis Hayward), an absconding clerk, arrives.

3 WEEKS LATER, Mrs. Fiske tells Ellen troublesome sisters must go. After a scene, Ellen plots to keep them with her.



5 WHEN ALBERT reappears after disappearance of Mrs. Fiske, he tries to trap Ellen, but she is too clever and frightens him.



6 ALBERT still believes Mrs. Fiske is not on holiday, and examines the mail, but Lucy clears up the sinister mystery.



Lovely IRENE DUNNE, Columbia Star, achieves a naturalness in make-up by using Max Factor's Hollywood Cosmetics. You can also achieve a new loveliness by using your Color Harmony ensemble of Powder, Rouge and harmonising Lip stick. Fill in the coupon below and receive from Max Factor's Hollywood your Personal Completion Analysis and Color Harmony Chart which lists the correct shades for your individual type.

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Complexion	EYES	HAIR	ROUGE	LIPS
Very light	Blue	Light	Light	Light
Light	Blue	Light	Light	Light
Medium	Blue	Light	Light	Light
Dark	Blue	Light	Light	Light
Very dark	Blue	Light	Light	Light

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THE Australian Women's Weekly  
**£2000**  
Fiction  
Contest  
Entries close: Short  
Stories, March 31, 1942.  
Serials: September 30,  
1942.

## 'NUGGET' MILITARY TAN

makes the shine



## AND THE BOOTS

last longer

Because the shine lasts longer, you look smarter. Because the boots last longer, you're more comfortable. Do yourself good—get "Nugget"—the Military Tan with the real, rich mahogany glow.

## TOGETHER IN FILM

ALTHOUGH married for some years, Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward appear together for the first time in "Ladies in Retirement."

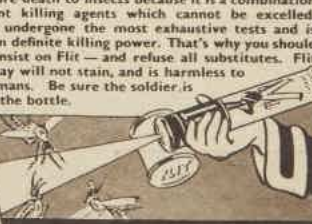
Gilbert Miller, associated with Lester Cowan in the New York stage production, again joined him for the making of the Columbia drama.

"Ladies in Retirement" is set in Estuary House, remote dwelling on the Thames, near Gravesend. In 1885 it was a lonely spot, the house containing only the retired actress, Mrs. Fiske, her domineering companion, Ida Lupino, and the maid, played by Evelyn Keyes. Ida persuades Mrs. Fiske to entertain her sisters, Edith Barrett and Elsa Lanchester. These unbalanced women bring trouble—which culminates in the disappearance of Mrs. Fiske. Louis Hayward's bank clerk is the film's trouble-maker.

## WAGE WAR

### ON MOSQUITOES!

Flit is sure death to insects because it is a combination of potent killing agents which cannot be excelled. Flit has undergone the most exhaustive tests and is of known definite killing power. That's why you should always insist on Flit—and refuse all substitutes. Flit spray will not stain, and is harmless to humans. Be sure the soldier is on the bottle.



# FLIT

ALWAYS KILLS



A NEW thought struck Gerry. Maybe Lee, Amy's sister, had put her up to it. Lee loved kids. Funny she'd never married. She'd make a grand wife and mother.

Gerry slammed the sheaf of reports in the top drawer of his desk and went out. Lee was a forbidden topic for even his thoughts. A long black sedan slid up to the curb beside him. He settled down under the wheel. It was great to get outside in the fresh air.

On the beach road he drew in long draughts of salt-laden air. The ocean was cutting up a bit. Whitecaps embroidered the shore line.

Would be pretty nice to dive into those waves. But there wasn't much fun going in all alone. Amy was afraid to go in at night. He didn't have any other time—unless it was Sunday. And most of the folks that came out then didn't care for swimming. Guzzling liquor and good food was more in their line.

When you came to think of it, Amy's friends were a pretty poor lot. And he'd lost track of his friends.

Gerry sighed. When a fellow climbed to the top, friends either got jealous or you just left them behind. Lee was the only one he really missed. But he'd spoiled that camaraderie—the time he'd tried to put his arm around her when Amy wasn't looking.

Lee had drawn away—given him a hard searching look. That meant more than a slap in the face from any other girl.

Amy Sterling closed the door to Bertie's bedroom and crossed the hall to the stairway. The child certainly looked funny and out of place in the room she'd had come over for him.

She reached the foot of the long stairway, heard someone open the front door and turned—startled.

"I told you," she greeted her sister, "that it wouldn't do you a bit of good to come and preach, Lee."

"You got him, then?"

"Of course."

## You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes



**EYES OVERWORKED?** Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away its six extra ingredients start to cleanse and soothe you get—



**QUICK RELIEF!** Murine washes away irritation. Your eyes feel refreshed. Murine is alkaline—pure and gentle. It helps thousands—start to-day to let it help you, too.

**MURINE FOR YOUR EYES**  
SOOTHES · CLEANSSES · REFRESHES

## Soothes hot Burning Feet

Relief in three short seconds with Frostene—magic new foot cream containing frankincense and myrrh—cooling balms used by ancient Eastern kings to soothe feet tortured by the fiery heat of desert sands.

To-day, these same healing unguents will soothe and cool your feet when hot summer days cause burning, stinging, aching and swelling.

See how soothing, cooling Frostene vanishes into your feet. . . feel how quickly it draws out all the fire and pain. . . feel how it eases inflamed congested tissues, reduces swelling. Enjoy the comfort and relief of cool refreshed invigorated feet.

Frostene deodorizes and neutralizes poisonous acid sweat, too.

All chemists sell cool, magic-acting Frostene in good-size tubes. . . greaseless, stainless. Rub it in night and morning—enjoy foot comfort through the longest summer day.

## Bertie Finds a Home

Continued from page 3

Lee glanced up the stairway. "Poor little fellow."

"Poor little fellow nothing! He'll have everything that money can buy."

"And you think that kind? How about when he has to go back? Will he be able to adjust himself?"

Amy shrugged. "That's not my worry. All that I'm concerned with is the present."

Lee looked at her sister for a long time before she spoke. "I suppose you're punishing Gerry again for something or other. But this time you're not hurting only Gerry. There's a little fellow whose heart must be breaking with loneliness."

"If you feel so dreadfully sorry for them, maybe you'd better stick around and look after their welfare. I've often said you should have married Gerry. Too bad you were at college when he got introduced into the family. His money wouldn't have influenced you."

Lee winced, but her voice was steady as she ignored her sister's taunt. "What does Tony think of Bertie?"

"Tony? Tony is being a little difficult. He doesn't like kids." Amy laughed harshly. "And neither do I. As soon as I'd sent for the kid I was sorry. At the time it looked like a good publicity stunt. If I'm too fed up, I'll step out of the whole mess. Tony's getting pretty impatient."

"Amy, no! After bringing the child all this way—you wouldn't desert him."

"I'm beginning to think it would be a lot of fun seeing what sort of a father and mother Gerry would make."

Lee hesitated, bit back the hot words that she knew would do no good, and started up the stairs. "I'll take a look in at Bertie before I head for home."

Bertie's straight little back was to the door as Lee opened it. He hadn't answered her knock. With a quick glance Lee took in the tightly-clenched hands at his side. "Hello, Bertie."

Bertie turned, and she saw the tight cords at the side of his mouth, the dew that was threatening to become a sudden burst of rain in the pathetically large blue eyes. "Elo."

Lee longed to take him into her arms. But she'd learned that sympathy took away the crutches to courage. She put out her hand and grasped his small outthrust one as one man to another. "I just dropped in to welcome you to America, Bertie, and then I'm on my way home."

The new light that had come briefly to Bertie's eyes dimmed. "You don't live 'ereabouts?"

"No. In Los Angeles. But that's not far. I'll be seeing you often. You see, Mrs. Sterling's my sister."

"You ain't a bit alike, be yer? But my Aunt Min—she's got six and they ain't a bit alike."

Lee laughed and searched through her purse. Closing it, she handed Bertie a card.

"This is my name and address. If you need me, Mr. Sterling will let me know."

As she turned to leave, Bertie sprang to the door and opened it with a quaint courtly manner. "Thank 'e, ma'am," he said.

Gerry jumped from his bed as the morning sun cut across his pillow. Under the shower he planned his day. He'd take a walk along the beach first thing. Then he'd come back and face Amy; have a definite understanding with her and get out. It would be rough on the English kid, but that wasn't his lookout.

He was glad Amy hadn't been in last night. Probably doing the night clubs with that Tony fellow. He'd missed seeing the kid, too. Asleep, the butler told him.

The shower finished, Gerry slipped on a sackcloth, but left his feet bare. The sand was a grand exerciser for tired feet.

But the sand was cold and Gerry's feet ached almost as much as his soft muscles as he turned around to back an hour later. In the brass brightness of the daylight that broken-down trailer that had parked on the beach near his house looked worse than ever. He might have remembered and seen the authorities about getting these people moved on. Done one last thing for Amy. She'd complained about them enough.

He stopped, startled, as he noticed a slim boy surreptitiously slip out the side entrance of his house. "Now who can that be?" he muttered. "A

thief! And loaded down with clothes, too."

The boy headed in the direction of the trailer. So that was it. They were robbing him as well as spoiling his view. Gerry took his hands from his pockets and hurried after the boy. Catching up with him, Gerry swung him around by the shoulder. "What are you up to, young fellow?"

Bertie drew away from the grasp and looked Gerry squarely in the eye. "I'm tykin' some clothes to the tryler, I am."

"Oh—you are. And who gave you permission to take clothes to the trailer?"

"Nobody, sir. But I promised them, I did." Bertie looked down at the suits and shoes dangling from his arms. "I don't need so much . . ."

"You don't need so much . . . Tell me! Who are you?"

"Bertie Jarvis."

So this was the kid Amy was hanging around his neck. A thief, for good measure. Just like her. "Where'd you get those clothes?"

"Mrs. Sterling—she gve them to me."

"And what are you doing with them?"

"Giving them aw'y, sir."

"Not selling them, by any chance?" Gerry questioned sarcastically.

Bertie smiled, and Gerry's interest quickened. A smile did something for the kid—dug out a dimple high on the cheek and a devil-may-care look in the blue eyes.

"They 'aven't got no bloom'n money. They're starvin', they are," he said.

"You don't say?"

Bertie raised his pale face to Gerry's. "I know who you are, sir. I saw you start out this morning."

"You couldn't be doin' something for those people in the tryler, could you, sir?"

Purposely Gerry ignored the eager question. He felt an urge to test the boy further. "Bertie," he said, "don't you know that what you're doing is stealing?"

BERTIE stopped. His chin quivered but his eyes were clear as he looked at Gerry. "I couldn't be stealin', sir. She gve them to me. My ol' woman—she used to say that things would do more good on somebody's poor body than 'angin' in the closet."

Gerry felt ashamed of himself. He took hold of Bertie's arm. "Maybe your mother had something there, son. Let's visit these friends of yours."

"Thank 'e, sir," Bertie said, and started off at a trot.

Gerry no longer felt cold. There was a warm glow that started right from the centre of him. He was interested—had someone to talk to. This English kid was a plucky little devil. Never showed a speck of fear when he'd questioned him. And well-mannered, too. Bertie was such a classy name, though. Bert wouldn't sound so bad . . .

"How do you think you're going to like it here, Bertie?"

"I'd like it better if my ol' man was 'ere."

"Maybe he'll come after the war's over."

Bertie shook his head. "Not 'im. 'E wouldn't leave the ol' woman."

"But I thought she—well, I heard she was—"

Bertie helped him out. "Yes—she's dead, all right. But e'll never leave 'er, 'e won't."

"Your father must have loved her a lot."

"She was 'is ol' woman," the boy said simply.

His old woman! Amy was his old woman. How would the kid take his leaving Amy?

"Was your mother pretty?" He was sorry as soon as he'd asked. Better to let the kid forget about his mother.

Bertie smiled. "My ol' man—'e thought so. So did I. Not so 'andsome, like your ol' woman—but something like Miss Lee—sweetlike."

Gerry stopped dead in his tracks. He found himself asking, "Miss Lee? Did you say Miss Lee?"

"Yes, sir. She came to welcome me to America, she did. And she didn't ask me a bloom'n question, neither. She made me feel right to 'ome."

Please turn to page 20

## "Damp-set" YOUR HAIR



"Carinthian" Style by Max Bowerman, Sydney

**HOLLYWOOD'S WAY TO THRILLING WAVES AND CURLS!**  
Hollywood stars were quick to seize on the amazing damp-setting technique. Now, with VELMOL you can damp-set your hair in thrilling waves and curls—whenever you like! Takes but four minutes to do . . . in these THREE EASY STEPS: 1. Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. 2. Brush a few drops of VELMOL through the hair. 3. Then arrange waves and curls with fingers and comb—just as you wish.

"Damp-set" your hair regularly, and you'll always have deep, firm waves, lustrous, natural-looking, silky-soft, never "stiff" or oily.

VELMOL works on any hair—holds a finger-wave for days; keeps any style "salon-fresh" between visits. Ask for VELMOL—at chemist, store or hair-dresser. A bottle lasts months.

## RHEUMATISM ENDED



**IT'S A PLEASURE TO BE ALIVE**

You may be saying:—"but will my rheumatic pains ever end?" They will, if you give De Witt's Pills a chance to restore weak kidneys to healthy activity. For healthy kidneys will promptly clear out of your system poisons and impurities that cause rheumatic pains.

Take this report, one of many, telling how the first few doses of De Witt's Pills give relief from pain and turn that quick relief into permanent benefit.

Mr. L. H. writes: "For two years I suffered very badly from shoulder pains. I dreaded every change in the weather. Now those pains are gone for good, thanks to De Witt's Pills. The first bottle had a wonderful effect, relief from pain after four doses. I now enjoy splendid health, vigour and strength from taking De Witt's Pills. It is a pleasure to be alive."

There is no long waiting to see results with De Witt's Pills. Within 24 hours you know they are acting directly on your kidneys. Rheumatic pains cease and it's a pleasure to be alive.

## DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

Made specially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of chemists and stockkeepers everywhere, prices 1/10, 3/11 and 6/- (including Sales Tax).

### Your Dog

Your dog's coat reflects the state of his health. If it is dull, loose or ragged—if he is listless, or won't eat—start him immediately on a course of BARKO Condition Powder—they tone up his whole system.

**BARKO**  
CONDITION POWDER  
1/4 ALL CHEMISTS

### The Australian Women's Weekly

**E2000 Fiction Contest**  
Serials and Short Stories.  
Entries close: Short Stories, March 31, 1942.  
Serials: September 30, 1942.



**THESE  
PLANES ARE  
JAPANESE**  
to land

**91/I HIRO**  
Reconnaissance  
(NAVY)

**TYPE 97**  
Twin-Engined Flying  
Boat (NAVY)

**MITSUBISHI**  
Single-Seater Fighter  
(NAVY)

**KAWANISI**  
4-Engined  
Flying Boat  
(NAVY)

**AICHI A-1 104**  
Floatplane - Bomber  
(NAVY)

**MITSUBISHI**  
Single-Seater Fighter  
(NAVY)

**MITSUBISHI**  
Dive - Bomber  
(NAVY)

**NAKAJIMA NAKA 93**  
Floatplane Fighter  
(NAVY)

**KAWANISI**  
Reconnaissance  
Floatplane  
(NAVY)

**MITUBISHI**  
Light-Bomber  
(ARMY)

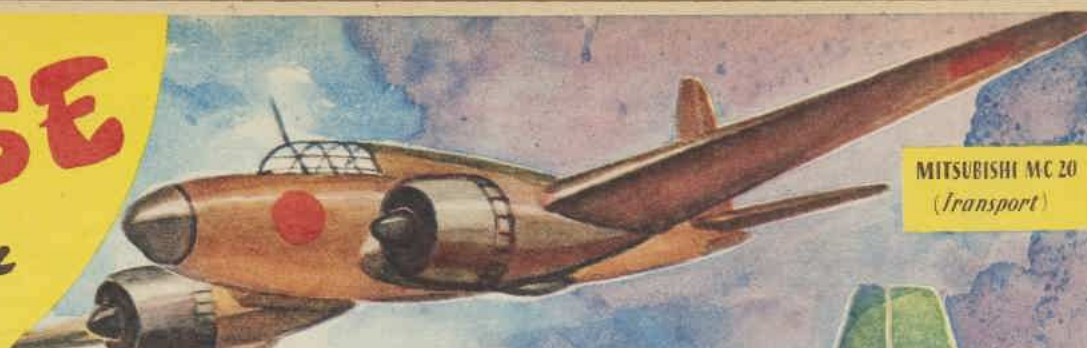
Vingil

● These are the bombers and fighters that have raided China, the Philippines, Burma, Malaya, Rabaul. Stud



# THE JAPANESE

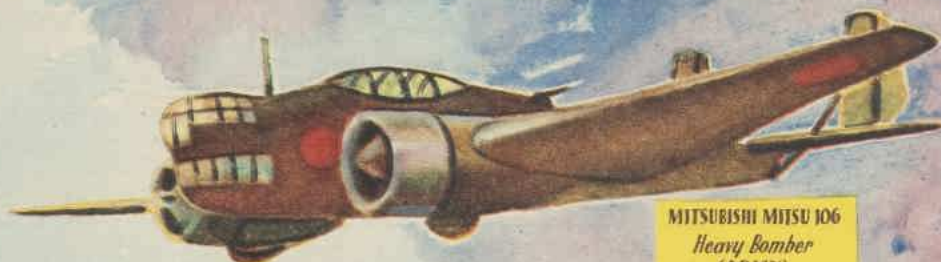
Learn  
to identify  
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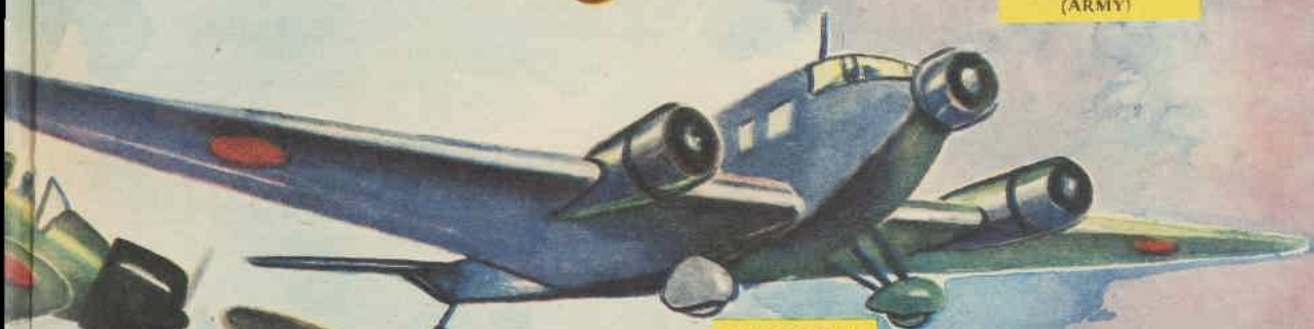
MITSUBISHI MC 20  
(Transport)



MITSUBISHI  
Heavy Bomber  
(NAVY)



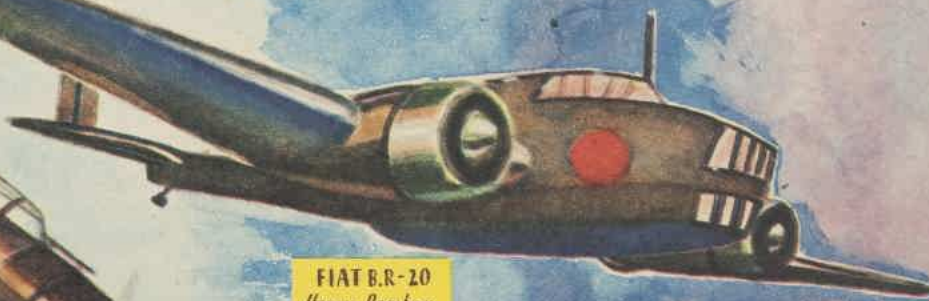
MITSUBISHI MITSU 106  
Heavy Bomber  
(ARMY)



JUNKERS JU 52  
(Transport)



SEVERSKY  
Two-Seater fighter  
(NAVY)



FIAT B.R.-20  
Heavy-Bomber  
(ARMY)



TYPE 95  
Single Seater fighter  
(NAVY)



MITSUBISHI  
Heavy Bomber  
(ARMY)

Study these paintings carefully. Learn them "off by heart" that you may know them should they visit Australia.



## Cuticura OINTMENT

for Baby's delicate skin



For clean, safe healing of all Baby's skin troubles, for sure protection against septic germs there's nothing more reliable than Cuticura Ointment. Keep a tin handy to free Baby from chafing, irritation or any little skin outbreak.

2004

**G**ERRY'S eyes softened. Funny this kid could find that out about Lee so soon. She'd make anyone feel at home. Impatiently he started forward again. He'd like to ask more about Lee; but he didn't dare. "How'd you meet these people in the trailer?"

"I couldn't sleep, sir, so I came out for a bit of a walk."

"Mrs. Sterling know?"

Bertie shook his head.

"You know Mrs. Sterling hasn't any use for riffraff. You shouldn't have gone to the trailer."

"The Moores—they ain't no riffraff."

Gerry grinned. He liked the way the kid stuck up for his opinions. He looked down, and winced at Bertie's thinness. He'd send for a set of bars and start right in building muscles. Get a couple of pairs of boxing gloves, too. Just the sort of thing he'd been dying to do for years. Teach a kid all the things he'd missed when he was a boy.

Then Gerry remembered. He wouldn't be here; he'd be somewhere else. His voice was harsh when he spoke: "These people—the Moores—did they ask you for this clothing?"

"No, sir. I found Mary Louise over there." Bertie pointed to a spot on the beach a few feet from them. "She was cryin', she was. So . . ."

"So you stopped to comfort the troubled lady?"

"No, sir. I stopped to give 'er a bit of a bawlin' out. My ol' man 'e says it's a wyste of time to cry."

His old man again. What wouldn't he give to have a kid speak of him in that tone! "And

## Bertie Finds a Home

Continued from page 17

what did the little lady do about that?"

"She told me what she was cryin' about. Her ol' woman's sick and the bobbies are sendin' 'em off."

The nearness of the trailer shut away further conversation. At their approach three small boys scampered up the trailer steps and disappeared. But Mary Louise, a child of about eight, with blue eyes and two pinched-up plaits of blonde hair, came to meet them.

"Ere!" Bertie thrust the suits and shoes into her arms. "Mybe some of the shoes will fit yer. But there ain't no girls about our place, so I couldn't get no dresses." The child looked at the clothing in her arms. "They're beautiful, but I don't think mamma will let us keep them."

Gerry put his hand on the child's shoulder. "I think she will—after I've had a little talk with her."

An hour or so later Bertie and Gerry left the trailer. Bertie's eyes were filled with admiration for Gerry as they walked up the beach. "Blimey!" he breathed, "but you didn't 'arf do it up, did yer?"

Gerry dug his toes deeply into the hard sand as he walked. "Well—it worked all around. Mr. Moore wanted a job—and I needed a caretaker for the beach grounds. Besides, you'll need kids to play with."

"You're a bit of all right, sir," Bertie said warmly.

Gerry swore to himself. "I've got to tell Amy this morning—clear out before this little beggar gets under my skin."

They were within shouting distance of the house when a green convertible slid through the front gate. Tony was at the wheel. Amy beside him. She waved her hand. "Good-bye, darling," she called. "Tony and I are off. Be good—you two."

Automatically Gerry raised his hand and waved. "Confound it," he muttered. "Now I'll have to stick around until she gets back." He glanced down at Bertie. "Well, old man, it seems it's just you and me for the day. What'll we do with ourselves?"

"We might go swimming?" Bertie's eyes were eager.

"Fine idea!" He'd teach the kid a thing or two about swimming.

A few minutes later he changed his mind. The kid could teach him a few tricks.

"Where did you learn to swim?" he asked.

"In our river. You gotta do some duckin' there to get out of the way of things. There ain't much room."

Gerry cut a wave. And another. This was living! A dip like this every night after work would put some stiffening in his spine.

Suddenly Bertie gave a loud shriek. Gerry's heart pommelled to his feet. But the kid was all right. Just making for the shore and a straight girlish figure in a striped bathing suit. Lee!

She waved to them. "Hi! Any objections to me having a swim, too?" She was under a wave and came up beside Gerry. He'd forgotten how pretty she was. He'd forgotten about those two little freckles on the bridge of her nose that he used to tease her about. Then he had to be honest with himself. He hadn't forgotten anything about her.

"I'll race you both to that trailer up there," she challenged, and started out with long even strokes. Bertie gliding or rolling over like a young seal beside her.

Bertie won the race. On the beach he raced ahead of them. Gerry could keep his question back no longer. "What brought you out to-day, Lee?"

Lee's face saddened and she nodded towards Bertie. "It—it's bad news for the little fellow. A cable-gram came."

"His father?"

Lee nodded. "Yes. He was killed while Bertie was on his way over here. One of those time bombs." Gerry felt choked and sick.

**B**ERTIE was chasing a seagull with a broken wing. He caught it and started back to them. "E's hurted," 'e is," he called. And as he reached them, he held the bird out to Gerry. "Can you do a bit of mendin', sir? My ol' man—'e could."

Tears filled Lee's eyes and she stooped to pick up a pretty stone so Bertie wouldn't notice.

Gerry took the struggling bird and held it against his body. "I guess if your old man could do it, I can. Come along."

The seagull was taken to Bertie's room, and the broken wing mended to Bertie's satisfaction. At the housekeeper's insistent call they went below and sat out in the patio for breakfast. Gerry thought up jokes to chase away the ghost of a British father, and heaped Bertie's plate with sausages, toast, and orange marmalade.

Bertie was frankly puzzled. "You 'aven't been drinkin', sir, 'ave you?"

Gerry put his coffee cup down with a clatter. "Drinkin'? I should say not! Not so early in the morning."

Bertie looked at Lee. "You've been 'avin' bad news, 'ave you?"

A tear slid down Lee's rounded young cheek.

Bertie's eyes darkened as he looked from one to the other. His hand shook as he put down his knife and clutched the edge of the table. He stared a long time at his plate. "A— a bloke sure lives 'igh over 'ere," he said. "My ol' woman—she liked 'er sausages." His voice broke and he pushed his plate from him. "So did my—my ol' man. 'E'll be missin' 'is sausages, 'e will."

Gerry choked on a piece of toast, and when he got over his coughing spell Bertie was walking down to the ocean. Gerry's eyes met Lee's. She shook her head. "We'll let him be alone for a few minutes. Then he'll need us."

"Us?"

Lee's eyes were candid and clear as they looked across at Gerry. "Yes! When you get your decks cleared, you can look up Bertie and me. Amy has gone off with Tony—for good this time. She left you a note. I found it when I came in this morning."

She held out a folded sheet of paper. Gerry took it and without unfolding it slipped it into his pocket. His head lifted and his shoulders squared as he looked over the patio wall and saw the tiny figure looking out to sea.

"I'm just beginning to understand what courage really is, Lee. I think I've found mine again." He reached out his hand. "Come, let's go to him. He needs us now."

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## ★ IF LOVELY Paulette Goddard WERE TO TELL YOU HER BEAUTY SECRET

SHE WOULD SAY:

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LUX TOILET SOAP LEAVES  
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Stockings are sleek and  
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## WEAR KAYSER

DEFINITELY I'M A ONE BRAND WOMAN NOW!



## YOUTHFUL SIMPLICITY . . .



● Gray tartan in lightweight wool. Colors are wine, green, cream, and scarlet. Centre panel and back are set straight, with side panels set diagonally.

● White yoke and shoulder-top to this dress of thick navy linen. A wide stripe of rust linen divides the white yoke from the bodice.

● Tucked bodice and sleeves distinguish this simple beige wool sheer model. The dark red belt has simulated flowers in front. Unpressed pleats fall gracefully from the snug hipline. (Above.)

● Youthful and useful frock of primula crepe in shirtmaker style, with flared skirt. The bracelet sleeves are becoming and also convenient. (Left.)

## WANTED!

The return of all empty Johnson's Baby Powder tins

OLD OR NEW TYPE  
IN GOOD CONDITION



If you have any empty baby powder tins—either the old square type or the new round pack, please return them to your retailer. As a result of tinplate shortage the return of these tins is urgently required. If you give your retailer 3 tins in good condition, he will give you a beautiful full colour picture (illustrated) with our compliments. Will you help us?

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# TAKE ONE FROCK... and accent it like this

• Give that same blue frock a charmingly different look by adding a matching, buttoned-up bolero and trim collar, cuffs and cummerbund of white linen edged with red and white rick-rack braid. (Left.)

• Sketched in the top left-hand corner is the basic frock, done in royal-blue silk crepe with a plain high neckline, gored skirt and waist encircled with a red grosgrain belt.

• At the top centre, this simple little frock achieves a festive air with the addition of a matching, frilly basque buttoned round the waist and a crisp, square collar in white cotton, margined with a frill and red rick-rack braid.

• For spectator sports, the lass at the left enhances her blue frock with an immaculately tailored jacket of red wool and a mustard satchel bag.

• Another effective change can be introduced with a white pique plastron, caught at the waist with a red belt and hand-embroidered round the edges with bands of red and green. The neckline is finished with two soft loops. (Above.)

Revue





## DANGER SURFER'S FOOT

Beware of this crippling infection. It thrives when feet are hot, moist, sweaty. Look between your toes to-night and at first signs of soreness or white, dead skin, apply IODEX. It quickly kills the fungus-like germs that cause red raw, crippling sores. A Specialist says 6 out of 10 are infected. Be safe—use IODEX.

World-wide authorities use and recommend IODEX. In stubborn cases see your doctor.



## SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—

Vanish unsightly hairs with the aid of "Vanix." Firstly obtain a bottle of "Vanix" and follow the simple directions. After the first few applications the hairs will become less noticeable, then will gradually wither as the

"VANIX" penetrates deeper and deeper into the hair tissue. Finally the dermalizing effect of "VANIX" will destroy the hairs permanently. "Vanix" is a product of The Van Schuyler (Aust.) Co., and is obtainable at 2/11 a bottle (posted 6/5) from Hallam Pty. Ltd., 318 George St., Sydney, and all 12 Branches; Swift's Pharmacy, 373 Lill. Collins St., Melb.; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 236 Edwards St., Brisbane; and Hicks Chemists Ltd., 55 Rundle St., Adelaide.

## CORNS lift out

Cheer up! Forget that beastly, burning, throbbing corn. Just a drop of Frosol-Ice—pain goes in 3 seconds. This better-type anesthetic action works that fast! And then your corn will start to wither up—work loose—and you can pick it right out with your fingers—core and all. Lift out your corns with magic Frosol-Ice—and wear new shoes—go dancing—anything you like on corn-free, happy feet. Chemists and stores everywhere sell Frosol-Ice.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### So swift to make So lovely to wear

• Decorative jacket, smart day dress, Hollywood-style collar, front, and cuff set—all for you! Do read all about them.



THE PRETTY GIRL wearing this unusually smart collar, front, and cuff set is Jane Wyman, of Warner Bros.—First National.

#### New, charming set

THIS collar and cuff set pictured above (and at right) came to us last week from Hollywood. Created to put new life into last season's frock or give sparkle to your latest "plain," our needlework designer has traced the embroidery design on to sheer linen and organdie for you to make, embroider, and wear.

In white, tussore, blue, lemon, pink or green linen the set costs 4/6.

In white, blue, lemon or green or organdie, price 3/11.



IF YOU WISH, you may have the pattern of this frock, also of collar and cuffs. Full details below.

#### SMART DAY FROCK

OUR expert had another bright idea. She designed this frock (see sketch above) somewhat after the style of the one Jane Wyman is wearing.

Included in the frock pattern is the collar, front, and cuff pattern, all of which costs 1/7. No embroidery transfer is available, however. You can cut the collar and cuff from any plain or fancy contrasting material to that used for the frock. Smart, isn't it?

If you would like patterns send 1/7 and ask for No. P2223.



THIS JACKET will prove indispensable, and a joy to every smart girl and woman. Send for it.

#### Decorative jacket

• It comes to you ready to cut out, make up, and embroider with scintillating beads or glowing thread.

THIS easy-to-make jacket has great chic and a long, useful life before it.

The pattern and embroidery design are clearly traced on a beautiful and serviceable crepe-de-chine.

You have a very wide choice in lovely tonings—sky, light sage, pink and palest pink, gold dust, mauve, and green. And, of course, white.

Subtle style touches are evident in its fashioning—it is snug-fitting, short, square of shoulder, and so decorative.

The chosen design for the embroidery is lovely. Work it in colorful beads or rainbow-hued thread—just as you fancy.

Sizes 32 and 34 bust, price 11/9; 36 and 38 bust, price 13/3. Please add 6d. for postage.

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# Intimate JOTTINGS

**SCORES** of congratulatory telegrams from all over Australia for Mrs. R. C. Robison on announcement of news that her husband, Lieut.-Commander Robison, wins D.S.C.

Small son, Richard, is unmoved by news. Says "Oh, just another medal," when Mrs. Robison rings him at Knox College to tell him.

Is second decoration, in fact. Last year Lieut.-Commander Robison earns Palestine General Service Medal.

His wife and Richard only arrive in Sydney recently, and are staying at Ranelagh, Darling Point. Since their return from England two years ago they live in Melbourne.

Mrs. Robison tells me that her husband has served in H.M.S. Barham and ill-fated H.M.S. Repulse.

He is son of Rev. and Mrs. E. C. Robison, of Newport, and she was formerly Betty Ashcroft, of Liverpool, N.S.W.



**TWIN SISTERS.** Irin (right) and Catherine Youhtsky, in Russian costumes they will wear at Market Day on February 27, in aid of Medical Aid for Russia and Lord Mayor's Fund.

**COMPLIMENT** attractive Marie Brennan on dance Don Griffiths' choice of engagement ring... he chooses square-cut diamond outlined in tiny stones set in squares. Platinum setting.

Don is in camp in Victoria, but manages to pay flying visit to Sydney this week. Is here for just a few hours.

A romance of six years culminates in the engagement, but no plans are yet made for wedding.

**SIX** days' leave for Captain S. S. Harris, so he and his new bride spend honeymoon at Forster, on North Coast.

Mrs. Harris was Rowlie McKay McDonald, daughter of late Alex McDonald and of Mrs. McDonald, of Darling Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Mount-Batten give reception at their home at Roseville after quiet wedding.

**BUFFET** dinner in honor of visiting American Red Cross representative, Mr. Irving Williams... hostess is Colleen Borthwick, and dinner is at her flat at T. and G.

Guests are Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cayley, Violet Manning, and Father Shanahan, who recently arrived from Manila.

**SEE** Mrs. Alan Moxham, of Murrumbidgee, Brevartins, just before she leaves for home... children Robin and Allison are with her.

They enjoy long holiday, most of which is spent in Melbourne, where they stay at Menzies.

See a good deal of the Wayne Waltons, who have flat at South Yarra for month.

"SO sorry to close flower stall, but drought and transport problem have beaten me for moment," says Lady Davidson when I say I do not see her on duty lately at Comforts Depot in Martin Place.

In last seventeen months Lady Davidson makes £886 for Lord Mayor's Fund at stall, so it's sad to abandon scheme.

At moment she is at her home at Leura, and staying with her is Mrs. Donald Davidson and infant daughter Caroline.

Her husband, Sir Alfred's nephew, is in Singapore... he's a naval lieutenant.

Mrs. Davidson leaves besieged city only few weeks ago.



**MOTHER AND SONS.** Mrs. Harold Gatty and Alan, Ron, and Lindsay lunch at Prince's before leaving for Melbourne. The boys will attend Geelong Grammar.



**DIANA and Pamela Mylles** belong to Warden's Women's Auxiliary. Deliver supper to wardens.



**MILITARY WEDDING.** Brigadier and Mrs. R. H. Nimmo marry at All Saints', Woollahra. Both hail from Queensland.



**AT MINERVA THEATRE.** Judy Playfair and Noreen Maxwell attend performance of "I Killed the Count," in aid of Kindergarten Union funds.



**UNPACKING WEDDING PRESENTS.** Betty Maxwell (left), who marries Bill Kendall this week at St. Mark's, Darling Point, is aided by sister Margaret, who is bridesmaid.



**CELEBRATING THEIR ENGAGEMENT.** Gwyneth Harding and Captain C. J. Miles dine and dance at Prince's. She is eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Harding, of Wahroonga.



**VISITOR FROM SOURABAYA.** Mrs. A. B. Keech takes morning tea with Lady Owen, and tells her of Red Cross work in Java.

## Heard Around TOWN

**THERE'S** city and country interest in announcement of engagement of Barbara Donald and Martin Wykeham Chapman. She's the second daughter of Will J. Donald, well-known artist, and Mrs. Donald, of Roseville, and Martin is only son of Mr. D. W. Chapman, of Wagga.

They tell me that wedding is planned for Easter Saturday, so I look up calendar to find date is April 4.

The ceremony is to take place at St. Andrew's Church, Roseville, with a family reception at the Donald home.

**LOTS** of farewell parties for Mrs. Norman Whitfield, who leaves Sydney for Melbourne to join husband, Lt.-Col. Whitfield, former Director-General of Recruiting in Australia... He has new and important post in Victoria.

One party is given by associate members of Lakes Golf Club. They will miss her enthusiastic efforts for club's War Comforts Fund.

**TWO** sisters, Shirley and Paula Bridges, give family dinner party at Prince's. Guests of the night are their parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Bridges, whose silver wedding it is.

Genevieve is delighted to have phone call from husband to say he has decided to have a few weeks' holiday, also, and arrives in Sydney some days later.

**FLYING** visit to town for Mrs. Ron Traill... she and daughter Jean are staying with the Tom Windygers at Methallbar, Trangio, for duration.

Comes to Sydney to meet Air Force husband, Flight-Lieutenant Traill, who comes up from Melbourne for one day's leave only.

Mrs. Traill is guest of Miss Rhona White at flat at Edgecliff during visit.

**MELBOURNE** visitor Patricia Handley is guest of Mrs. H. B. Gerrett at her flat at Vauluse.

**HEAR** some news of Sir Phillip and Lady Game and children from one of their Sydney friends, Irene Brown, of Moesman, who has long letter from Lady Game.

Rosemary is convalescing after illness... works so hard at nursing that she becomes ill herself. On recovery hopes to join W.R.N.S.

Son David is a lieutenant in the Navy, and so doesn't see so much of his family.

**SEASIDE** vacation for Mr. and Mrs. Ted Body, of Bundemar, Trangio... find them enjoying the surf at Collaroy, where they have taken a cottage.

**FAMED** Australian artist Fred Leist is painting portrait of Mrs. Angus Lightfoot Walker, formerly Amber Jacobs. She wears a black velvet gown with an ermine to set off her dark beauty.

*Betty*



# T Award for Valor

Continued from page 6

It. I wondered if he realised how much Gretel had done for him. Without her, he might drift into the pathetic dissolution I had seen in so many pilots of his restless, unstable type.

But I didn't see him next morning. They called me to take Trip 6 to Newark, and then, coming back the next night, I was landing in a fog at Charleston, overshoot and knocked off a wheel.

So for a few days I was automatically grounded, while the pilots' board met with the V.P. of operations and decided what should be done. The brakes had been bad on that plane, and so it wasn't altogether my fault. But just the same they gave me a month "on the right side," and assigned me to ride with Charley.

For four years I had been working toward my first command, and it didn't seem quite fair, after only three months of that command, to be tossed back for thirty mortified days, a co-pilot again. I felt heartbreak and humiliated and sore as a raw burn.

But riding north on Trip 6 with Charley, I forgot all about that in my amazement at seeing how he had changed. We had not flown together for nearly two years, and this was the first time I had seen him since before he had gone to Alaska. And now he wasn't the same Charley I knew.

I had expected a little consolation from him about my mistake, but I didn't get any. He was in the cockpit when I climbed into the plane. I held out my hand and said: "Hi! Long time no see. How are you?"

He shook hands with me, and his face was a mask. He said in a clipped voice: "Didn't I teach you enough not to overshoot a field as big as Charleston?"

"Well," I said, and I felt like crawling under the fire-extinguisher, "you see, it was foggy."

"Sure it was foggy. So what? A child could land one of these crates in fog, on a dime! And what do you do? You overshoot and knock a wheel off—you make a laughing-stock out of me!"

I didn't say anything, because I couldn't think of anything to say. His reasoning floored me. But I began to see what Lucy had meant. The famous Charley Craig—and I had disgraced him! I just sat staring at him. They got the passengers loaded, and Charley took off.

He had changed a lot in his flying. He had always been as smooth as a piece of silk rolling out of its loom. But now he slammed the ship around viciously, taxi-ing out as if he hated it. It frightened me, the way he did it. Not the flying, but the realization that he cared so little about his job and his pilot's certificate. Because you just don't toss the big crates around, loaded with passengers, and the air full of C.A.A. regulations. If you do, and persist, you get fired, or you get grounded.

But Charley kept on tossing it around, contemptuously, with a grim anger glinting hot in his eyes. I didn't have to look very far into the future to know what would happen, at this rate.

Well, it is painful for me to remember that trip, and the trips that followed it. In the air, Charley flew as if seventeen devils were chasing him. And on the ground—I don't like to tell what he did on the ground.

You see, he was famous now. At each stop, when he rolled up to the passenger station, he had his head stuck out of the cockpit window about a yard. There were always people lined up on the fence, waiting to catch a glimpse of the famous Charley Craig.

The first time it happened I said, "What are you looking at?" when I saw him poke his head out the window.

If he had grinned, if he had said it with his old deprecating, caustic

humor, it would have been all right. But he didn't. He was perfectly serious. He said: "At my public, punk." And then he said resentfully, "There ought to be more here than this!"

"You must be slipping!" I said acidly. "The great Charley Craig—and he's slipping!" I wanted to sting him. It had hurt me a lot, his response to my ground-looping that crate. I wanted to blast him. "What a jackass you turned out to be! No wonder Gretel walked out on you. I don't blame her a bit!"

He seemed to freeze. I had hurt him, all right. "Where is she?" he said suddenly. His voice was taut and low. "I don't know," I said. "Lucy knows," he said accusingly. I didn't say anything.

"I've written her letters—Lucy's sent her the letters. But I've got to talk to her! She's got to come back! I can't say what I mean in a letter."

I took a slow breath, and I had a hard time getting the words out. "I don't know anything about it," I said.

He sat there for a little while. Then, almost explosively, he said: "Well, she'll come back! She'll come back!"

"I hope so," I said. I did hope so. But I knew Charley would have to change before she came back and stayed.

"When I get through with the flight I'm going to make next month, she'll come crawling back," he said confidently. "I'm the greatest pilot who ever lived—and next month the world will know it. She'll come back!"

It was one of those things you don't want to say, but which you feel compelled to say. "Charley," I said, "the trouble is, you're too great now. You haven't got what Gretel wants—what any woman wants—any more."

"Rubbish!" he said, and got up and went down the cabin aisle into the passenger station.

During the next couple of weeks I would have given anything if I could have been flying with somebody else. I just sat up there with him, feeling ashamed of his display of bad taste and vanity before diminishing crowds, listening to him rattle about the stupidity of pilots who stayed on the air line.

"Why," he said over and over, "I could fly this run fifty years, with one hand tied behind me! It's ridiculous for me to waste my time. When I get back from this next flight, I'll have enough money to quit—and I'll quit!"

That sort of thing was bad enough, and Charley's flying was worse; it had already got him a warning from the V.P. I knew, but that didn't upset or frighten me nearly as much as his plans.

Because now he was set on out-doing Wiley Post and Howard Hughes at one stroke. He was going on a round-the-world flight, solo, with a hammock strung up above the gas-tanks in the cabin, where he would sleep while the automatic pilot took him through the long jumps.

As soon as he told me, I had a presentiment he'd never come back from that flight. I argued with him in desperation not to go, but he wouldn't listen. I told him I knew he was going to get killed, and he laughed. He never said anything about Gretel, but I knew that by some warped reasoning distilled from the misery of his mind he was going on this flight in the hope of coaxing her back.

We were due out on Trip 5, and it was a black night. We got into our crate on the Newark ramp. I turned on the radio, and had started to check things in the cockpit, when Charley suddenly said: "Well, kid, this is my last run. I'll not be pushing one of these trucks after to-night. I sent in my resignation to-day."

I sat there, feeling a jarring and violent conflict of emotions. Somehow I knew that this was the end of Charley's career, no matter what he hoped to accomplish—and I was afraid it was the end of him.

"I'm sorry you did that," I said. "You won't be," Charley said. "Listen, kid, when I get back—"

Then he was off again, about how famous he would be, about how Gretel would have to come back to him because he was famous. But I didn't listen actually. I was thinking of all the years he and I had been together, and I was thinking that this was the end of something I treasured infinitely in spite of how he had changed.

When the passengers were aboard, right engine tore itself out of its my

I called W.R.E.E. for our clearance, and Charley taxied down to the end of the field and took off. We sliced up into the clouds at eleven hundred feet, and the wet black muck of them blotted out the lights beneath us. There was mild turbulence in the clouds.

It was just after we had levelled off at two thousand feet that I felt a tremor pass through the plane—and it wasn't a bump we had hit. I glanced at Charley. He was sitting there, flying by instruments, his compact face unperturbed.

A moment later the thing came again, more strongly. I leaned over and yelled, "Did you feel that?"

He nodded. "Probably a fouled plug that hasn't had time to clear out," he said.

It could have been a fouled plug. I relaxed. Charley was doing a nice job on instruments, the best job of flying I had seen him do for some time.

But when the vibration struck through the ship once more I knew it wasn't a plug.

I yelled: "Something's wrong with that right engine!"

Charley grinned. "Let 'er rip! When she quits, we'll go back on the other!" For a moment he was



"He started on a shoe string."

the old Charley, that reckless glint in his eyes, and I admired him vastly. The chances were, it would clear up pretty soon.

But it didn't clear up. It struck once more, and this time it was violent. The right engine bucked, and slowed, and bucked again. And then there was a dull whap that shook my seat under me.

Almost instantly the mist that surrounded the ship was lit up like a blast furnace. I snatched my side window open to look. A plume of flame was spurting back from the engine. My blood froze in my veins.

"Fire!" I yelled at Charley. "The right engine's on fire!"

Charley said crisply: "We'll never make it back to the field!" And as the words came out he was doing things faster than I ever saw any pilot do them before. And all the time he was flying the ship, nosing down—fast.

As soon as the fire-extinguisher gushed fluid, the flames began to diminish. We plunged toward the earth at fifteen hundred feet a minute. The only hope we had, I knew, was for that fire-extinguisher fluid, before it was exhausted, to beat out the flames. If it didn't—

The burning engine was still "windmilling" from the flow of air over the prop, and it was rough; every time it turned over it shook the whole ship. I sat there, straining my eyes to see what was below us when we broke out of the clouds. I had my hand on the flare-cable handle to drop a flare as soon as we were under the ceiling. The thought seared through my mind that if the ceiling had lowered rapidly since we had shored out of Newark, we were dead men right now.

But there was ceiling. We popped out at one thousand feet. I took a deep breath of thankfulness when I saw we weren't over a town. We still had a bare chance, if we could hit in a field without trees.

"Yell when you want a flare!" I said.

But I never pulled the flare. Because just then, with a dull explosion and a terrible wrench, the

mount and fell away from the ship. The flames built up instantly. And as they built up, Charley was yelling at me in a hard yet steady voice: "Give me some help here! I can't hold her!"

I grabbed my controls, taking a quick glance at the instruments. The left wing was far down, from the loss of the weight of the right engine. We rolled the control wheels all the way around, until the flat sides were on top instead of on the bottom. But with full right rudder and full aileron, the left wing continued to go down.

All the time I was fighting, using all my strength. But all my strength and all Charley's together could not hold that wing up. I knew that in a moment we were going to end in a heap of twisted metal and spraying gasoline—and I hoped I'd go out in the crash instead of having to wait for the fire to finish me. You think things like that.

Charley yelled: "Kid, if we come through this one, we're good!"

I didn't answer. The altimeter showed five hundred feet; its needle was sweeping the dial. When it got down to zero—

Charley let go of his wheel with one hand and gunned the left engine. Somehow I had forgotten entirely that we had a left engine. When he gunned it, I felt the controls taking hold.

"Down gear!" he yelled. "When the wheels are down, give me full flaps. Just as we hit, pull the gear up again!"

Even as busy as I was, I had time to think for an instant how wonderful the man was. There we were, in for a crash—but he'd never admit it. He was giving orders in his old tone of battling challenge. And all the time we were plunging to earth with a fiery comet streaking out of the right nacelle, so bright it was blinding us until we couldn't even see when to start leveling off.

I let go the control wheel with one hand, and got the gear down. Then I got the flaps down. And then I waited to get the instrument-board back in my face.

Charley was gunning the left engine intermittently, just enough to hold that wing up. He started to level off. I couldn't see anything. I didn't see how he could possibly level off accurately. I thought of trees, and I thought of power lines—and I thought of Lucy and little Bill and Gwen.

In the glare of the fire I saw the ground, twenty feet below us, coming up fast.

And then, seeming to push up suddenly out of the ground, I saw a single tall tree, straight ahead. "Look out!" I screamed, my lungs bursting.

The tree sliced back out of darkness. "Get that emergency hatch open, soon as we hit!" Charley yelled. "But dump the gear—"

His words were carried away in the down-draft, as that tree took off the right wing. It seemed to me that I was being hurled out of the cockpit, but somehow I stayed in my seat. We were on the ground, whirling around. I clung to the landing-gear valve, pulling it up-ward, feeling the wheels rolling over rough earth as they folded back into their nacelles and let the ship down on its belly.

We rolled backward for a hundred feet, and stopped. The plane was tailed away from the mass of burning debris we had sprinkled over the ground. In a blank wonder, I realised that Charley had flown deliberately into that tree, to turn us around, so the cabin door would be away from the fire.

"Go up through the hatch, kid—and you'd better move fast!" Charley yelled. He jumped out of his seat. A tongue of red flame licked up between the panels of the companionway floor. He jumped over it, and ran back into the cabin. I heard his voice back there, saying with a calm yet thundering urgency: "Don't get excited—but get out of here—fast!"

And I knew we all had to be fast. We had left a lot of the fire when we got rid of the wing back there, but not all of it. And apparently the tree had fractured a gas tank that was still in the centre section. Already, flames were roaring up by the side of the fuselage, getting higher every second.

I got the cockpit emergency hatch open, and reached up and caught the rim and boosted myself out, feeling the searing blast from the pillar flame six feet away. In the two seconds it took me to get out and jump to the ground, all the hair was singed off the back of

But I got out, and ran back and helped the passengers out. Then all of us moved to a safe distance and waited for the other tanks to blow up. The passengers were too stunned to say much, and Charley didn't say anything. Yet it was plain to everyone that the only reason we were all not still in that cauldron of flame was because Charley had planned and executed this crash landing in exactly the way he had done.

Standing there within that circle of garish light as the fire consumed the plane, and as farmers and motorists began to assemble from all sides, I thought no matter how good a pilot he himself believed he was, Charley was better than that. He was a whole lot better than that—and as far as I was concerned, he could brag all he wanted to. From now on, I would help him...

Later, after the passengers and the company brass had arranged a dinner in his honor, where they planned to present him with an award for his bravery and skill—it occurred to me that if Gretel could only understand how wonderful he really was in most ways she could tolerate that blatant egotism which had become his great fault.

So, because it seemed so tragic and so utterly needless that they had separated, and because he needed her I wired Lucy to bring her to New York to that dinner. I was determined to try to make her see how great he was. Perhaps I should have told Charley, but I was afraid to.

He had no idea she was there until we went in with Mr. Canton, the airline's president, to sit down at the speaker's table. And there were Lucy and Gretel, waiting to meet us. The enormous dining-room was filled with big names of the aviation industry, and many reporters, and the passengers who had been on that plane; and there was a low, tumultuous rumble of voices all around.

Yet to me that sound seemed to dissolve into a silence filled with an infinite tension as Gretel and Charley came face to face.

"Hello, Charley," Gretel said. She glanced at me, and said, "Hello, Bill," and then looked back at him. Her blue eyes were level and appraising and very reserved, as if she were a little afraid Charley might make a scene; and I got the impression that she didn't really want to be here at all. I wondered how Lucy had prevailed on her to come, if that was true.

But Charley didn't make a scene. Seeing her, his face filled with a sort of startled pleasure and relief. He exclaimed, "Gretel!" and started to reach involuntarily to touch her, but checked the impulse self-consciously. He recovered quickly from the confusion of his surprise. "Well," he said pleasantly, but with an obvious effort to keep his voice casual, "I'm glad to see you!" It made my throat tighten to see how glad and eager and happy he was.

They had only that moment to talk, because just then Mr. Canton came up with Mr. Walters, who had been one of the passengers on the plane that night; and there were the introductions to Lucy and Gretel, and the business of getting seated at the semicircular table. Mr. Canton sat in the centre, with Charley on his right, and Gretel next to Charley, and Mr. Walters next to her. I sat on Mr. Canton's left, with Lucy beside me.

From where I was sitting I could see all the others. Mr. Canton was monopolising Charley, and I heard him say: "I got your resignation, but I haven't had time to act on it yet. I'm sorry you're leaving the line."

Mr. Walters was giving Gretel all his attention. From occasional anachronisms of conversation I heard, I knew he was telling her what a wonderful job Charley had done, and what a fine pilot he was, and how everybody in this room was here to pay him honor. Gretel was listening, sweet and gracious enough; but I could see she didn't really feel any of it.

"Doesn't she realise what he's done?" I whispered to Lucy, and I must have sounded vehement about it. "He did something—no pilot could be expected to do—he wasn't even human when it was happening—he sat there like a god that even fire and death couldn't frighten!"

"Why, darling!" Lucy said, low—and she was smiling provocatively. "You're really poetical! Why, I love it!"

Please turn to page 30

## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, February 18.—Mr. W. Edwards and Gaudie Reeve—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, February 19.—Gaudie Reeve in "Treasure Moments."

FRIDAY, February 20.—"Musical Alphabet."

SATURDAY, February 21.—Gaudie Reeve presents "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, February 22.—Highly from Opera.

MONDAY, February 23.—With the A.I.F. Overseas.

TUESDAY, February 24.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Gaudie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.



# As I Read the S.T.A.R.S. by JUNE MARSDEN

At this time of year the Sun moves out of the sign Aquarius, where it governs from January 20 to February 19, and into that called Pisces, where it reigns until March 21.

THUS two separate groups of people are strongly influenced this coming week.

Aquarians will show wisdom by seeking advancement and achievement in an aggressive way before February 19, and Pisceans by self-assertion after that date.

Most Aquarians love research work, particularly on behalf of suffering humanity and great causes. They are at their best when working among groups with similar ideals, with whom their scientific, progressive ideas can be discussed.

Pisceans like research work, too, but along occult, religious and secretive lines particularly, or in big institutions which cater to the curing of people who are sick—mentally, morally, physically, or spiritually.

They are people who thrive on seclusion, and can seldom do really good work among noisy, excitable conditions.

## The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Just a week of days for most Arians, though lively ones may make good use of February 18, late evening, or February 19 before 10 a.m.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Act cautiously and try to dodge upsets. Ideal work on February 19, 20, and 21 can be slightly helpful. February 21, near sunrise and around dusk, and around February 23, forenoon and dusk, can be difficult.

**GEMINI** (May 21 to June 21): Avoid all friction, unnecessary changes and upsets or delays and setbacks now, for trouble can follow over-confidence. Especially February 18, morning, February 21, sunrise to 8 a.m., and around dusk, and February 23, forenoon and dusk, and around February 24, forenoon and dusk, can be difficult.

**CANCER** (June 21 to July 21): Be up and doing, constructive, for your affairs can now prosper. February 17, afternoon, very fair. February 23, around sunrise, fair, balance poor. February 24, good. Be cautious February 21, around 7 a.m. and 7 p.m.

**LEO** (July 21 to August 21): A few difficulties still possible on February 21, 22, and forenoon and dusk hours on February 23. But affairs not so bad now. **VIRGO** (August 21 to September 21): Be on guard against separation, upsets, losses, losses, upsets and friction now, especially February 21 and February 23. Let important changes and ventures wait several weeks. Keep to routine tasks and try to dodge pitfalls and troubles. February 24 doubtful.

**LIBRA** (September 21 to October 21): Unpleasant, but a good time to consolidate mental gain. February 23 just fair to sunrise, then poor. February 24 fair. Go after things you want, but watch daily influences, too. Routine best on February 17, 18, and early February 19, but late evening of February 19 and all February 20 fair. Then February 21 poor again. February 23 doubtful, look for activity in afternoon, but also for hold-ups. February 23, to 8 a.m., fair, then poor. February 24 can be very helpful. Plan just ahead.

**SAGITTARIUS** (October 21 to December 21): February 17, evening, fair; February 19, good before 10 a.m., then fair to dusk, then poor. February 21 and 23 can be very difficult, so be wary. February 24 doubtful. Caution strongly advised now. Avoid arguments, obstacles, worries and losses.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21 to January 21): Just fair on February 17; February 21 doubtful, so try to avoid over-confidence and over-activity or excitement. February 24, fair.

**AQUARIUS** (January 21 to February 19): Consolidate past gains at this time, though a last attempt at aggressive self-advancement can be made on February 17, after noon, February 19, before 10 a.m., and again late in evening, or February 24, early. Let caution predominate, however.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): Forget that sudden idea of yours that you are never lucky. Some good weeks are ahead, so plan to use them well. February 17, from noon onward, February 19, especially before 10 a.m., and after 8 p.m., February 20, especially near dusk, and February 23, from dawn to 8 a.m., all very helpful. Make changes, seek advancement.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

# Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, is aiding MR. ROARK: Of the Secret Service, to destroy the Octopus Ring, a gang of spies. **NARDA:** Princess of Cockaigne, has been captured, and to save her life Mandrake is forced to join the gang. With Sonya, a woman spy, he is assigned to jobs by the OCTOPUS: The mysterious leader, who sits in a room with a black line drawn across it.

If Mandrake crosses the line it is the signal for Narda to be put to death. Driven to desperation he decides to attack the Octopus, but he hears Narda's voice warning him to be careful. Mandrake steps across and hears a shot as he does. He thinks Narda is dead until she calls to him. The Octopus tells him it is a warning. The next time she will die. NOW READ ON:



**MANDRAKE RECEIVES HIS SECOND ASSIGNMENT FROM THE OCTOPUS, MYSTERIOUS LEADER OF THE SPY GROUP -- THE "OCTOPUS RING."**

**YOU ARE TO GO WITH SONYA TO TAKE PICTURES OF COASTAL FORTIFICATIONS.**

**BUT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO GET INTO A MILITARY ZONE WITH A CAMERA.**

**LET SONYA WORRY ABOUT THAT. YOUR WORRY IS TO SEE THAT SHE TAKES PICTURES -- AND THAT THE PICTURES ARE BROUGHT BACK HERE.**

**YOU'VE ALREADY FAILED ME ONCE. IF YOU FAIL A SECOND TIME, YOU WILL SUFFER. IF YOU TRY TO ESCAPE, NARDA WILL SUFFER. NOW, YOU MAY GO.**

**GET ME OUT OF HERE -- GET ME OUT --**

**SONYA -- HELP ME -- I'M BURIED IN THE WALL --**

**WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? YOU'RE JUST STANDING HERE!**

**WHY -- SO I AM! I THOUGHT I -- IT WAS MANDRAKE'S WORK? SOME OF HIS INFERNAL MAGIC!**

**HE'S GOING TO HELP ME GET SOME PICTURES TOMORROW. WE'LL NEED HIS 'INFERNAL MAGIC.'**

**HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO GET A CAMERA INTO THE MILITARY ZONE, SONYA?**

**I'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT, MANDRAKE.**

**I'M NOT HIDING THE CAMERA, I'M HOLDING IT -- RIGHT NOW!**

**SONYA'S SPY CAMERA -- CLEVERLY BUILT AND CONCEALED IN HER COMPACT.**

**WHO'D BE SUSPICIOUS OF A GIRL POWDERING HER NOSE? CERTAINLY, NOT A SOLDIER!**

**THIS IS A MILITARY ZONE. NO CAMERAS ARE PERMITTED TO BE TAKEN IN. I'LL HAVE TO SEARCH THE CAR.**

**WE'RE JUST GOING ON A LITTLE PICNIC.**

**SORRY TO DETAIN YOU -- BUT THERE ARE LOTS OF SPIES AROUND THESE DAYS.**

**MY GOODNESS -- REALLY?**

**I'VE GOT TO KEEP SONYA FROM GETTING ANY IMPORTANT PICTURES WITH HER COMPACT-CAMERA. YET I MUST BE CAREFUL, OR NARDA WILL SUFFER. LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT A JOB ON MY HANDS!**

**TO BE CONTINUED**

MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 . . . . On sale at all newsagents . . . . Price 6d



## Continuing . . . River of Doubt

from page 5

"Well, I don't like rough-necks!" she declared warmly. "Fernandez is brutal, perhaps without meaning to be. But I guess he's honest enough."

"Who handles the transportation of the ore?"

"Dougal has a little steamboat that tows the scows down the river to the falls, where it is lowered in an elevator and transhipped out here to Para by the monthly river boat. That is—when he has ore to ship. The steamboat is run by a native crew under Captain O'Reilly."

"Ah, an Irishman!"

"On the contrary," she said, a bit grimly. "Captain O'Reilly is coal black. His mother was a descendant from the early negro slaves and his father—well, his father was a transient Irish seaman who never knew he had a son."

"Hummum. And your opinion of O'Reilly?"

"That's difficult to answer and have it mean anything. Personally, I am very fond of him, and I think he is perfectly honest in so far as Dougal is concerned."

"That's ambiguous. A man's either square or crooked."

"She made a little chuckling sound of exasperation. "I tell you things are different down here. Things we North Americans regard as absolutely dishonest, these people believe to be quite honest. O'Reilly might, for instance, steal the shirt off a stranger's back, but I'm sure he would give his life before he'd willingly let anyone steal the least thing from Ian Dougal."

"I see. Anyone else in a key position?"

"She hesitated. "No-o, I don't think so."

"You haven't mentioned the office force," he pointed out. "She was frankly hostile. "Don't you think you might restrain your professional tendency to suspect people until you at least meet them?" she said bitterly.

"Miss Ames," said Mark, "Are you telling me how to conduct an investigation?"

"She flushed angrily and turned away. Mark kept his eyes on her face.

"What about the bookkeeper—young Dave Liggett?"

"Her eyes flamed. "What are you insinuating?"

"I merely asked you a question about one more employee," he reminded her. "Have you any personal reason for not answering?"

"She bit her lip. "You can be utterly contemptible!" she grated. "Yes, I know Dave Liggett. He's a gentleman, for one thing, with an excellent background. And if you want to know it, I recommended him to Dougal. Now try to make something out of that, cop!"

"She turned away from him and walked off alone.

Mark pursed his lips thoughtfully and let her go. So, she's touchy about this guy Liggett, he mused. Hummm!

He followed at a discreet distance. On reaching the hotel, Irene went directly to her room. Mark hung around the lobby for an hour, smoking, then he, too, turned in. He decided that he would tell her about Ian Dougal first thing in the morning.

But Irene wasn't in the lobby when he came down next morning. He inquired at the desk, and to his surprise learned that she had already gone out.

As he turned towards the dining-room a sergeant of police touched his arm. Two other officers ranged along on either side of him.

"It is with regret, Senhor Crosby," said the sergeant stiffly, "I announce you under arrest, if you please!"

"What on earth for?" demanded Mark, but the policemen were already searching him.

"You're barking up the wrong tree!" growled Mark. "What's this all about?"

But the sergeant had grown uncommunicative, and on finding Mark's revolver, he became grim. Mark realized that resistance would be futile so he accompanied the officers to a police car parked in front of the hotel. As he stepped into it, he heard a familiar roar.

He paused, and looked up. . . . The big Sikorsky made a slow circle and vanished over the jungle!

The Delegacia da Policia was a low, one-story building with pale blue walls. Two sentries stood with fixed bayonets, rigidly at attention, as the sergeant led Mark through the arch into a long, bare room where sat a slim, important-man-

nered young officer behind an ancient roll-top desk.

One of the policemen jerked Mark's hat off his head and thrust it into his hand. The sergeant laid Mark's revolver before the lieutenant.

"Ees this yours, Senhor?" demanded the latter.

"Certainly, it's mine," Mark said. "I'm an American police officer. But that gun isn't the reason I was brought here. What is it?"

The lieutenant shrugged. "I do not comprehend," he murmured indifferently.

The sergeant growled a command but Mark ignored him and banged the desk with his fist.

"Wait a minute!" he shouted. "You're not going to toes me in gaol without an explanation! Either you start remembering your English, or dig up someone who can!"

The lieutenant shot out of his chair, unbuttoned the flap of his holster and wrapped his thin hand around the butt of a German Luger. Mark couldn't help grinning. "All right," he grunted, "you're behind the gun this time."

The officer barked with machine-gun rapidity. Mark thought he caught something about a magistrate, but he couldn't be sure. When the sergeant tapped him on the arm again, he nodded and followed the other down a long, tunnel-like corridor to a barred door set in an arch.

A squat, fat gaoler was looting in a wooden deck-chair. He got up, waddled ahead, and opened a small cell. Mark went inside and the door clanged shut.

The air was foul. Mark jerked off his coat and sat down on the edge of the single pipe-berth chained to the wall. Never before had he felt so utterly helpless for the handicap of language left him unable to communicate his thoughts.

The gun complicated his predicament. While it was obviously not the cause of his arrest, the police could, if they chose, make the issue purely on the grounds that he, an alien, was carrying a loaded revolver.

On that charge they could gag him indefinitely.

Suddenly he thought of Stefan Bruenzli. The lawyer had said he was leaving to-day, but if he could get word to him—he went through his pockets until he found Bruenzli's card, then picked up a tin cup and slashed it back and forth across the bars of his cell door until the beefy gaoler brought the lieutenant.

The engraved card printed in Portuguese apparently impressed the officer, for he turned on his heel and walked quickly back to his own office. The gaoler surveyed Mark in disgust, then waddled away down the corridor.

The hours seemed interminable for it wasn't until nearly noon that Bruenzli was finally admitted to the cell, immaculate in whites, with a wide-brimmed panama slanted jauntily over one eye. Mark couldn't remember when he was quite so glad to see anyone.

"What in the name of heaven brought you here?" Bruenzli exclaimed, grabbing Mark's hand. "That's what I'm trying to find out," Mark said.

Bruenzli grinned. "Just a minute and I'll get rid of this fat barbarian." He turned on the gaoler, "Va embora!" The gaoler bowed humbly and padded away.

Bruenzli pushed his hat back and lighted a cigarette. "You were fortunate to catch me," he admitted. "Nita and I were just leaving the hotel when your call came. Naturally I changed my plans at once. Where is the lovely Miss Ames? They did not arrest her, as well?"

"I don't know," Mark said. "She's probably wondering what happened to me."

"My heavens, man! Haven't you sent for your consul?"

Mark hesitated. "He's out of the city. The point is—I was carrying a revolver, but that wasn't the reason why I was arrested."

Bruenzli whistled softly. "Whew! That complicates it a little. What was the idea of the gun?"

"Habit, I suppose. I used to be a detective."

"You, a detective? That is a surprise!" Bruenzli inhaled deeply, and let the smoke dribble out of his nose.

After a long, thoughtful pause, he said: "Of course I'll do what I can for you, my boy. I don't want to pry into your personal business here in Brazil, but I'll have to offer some explanation. Tourists don't usually carry loaded revolvers."

"Can't you just tell them I am an American officer? Back home we unofficially permit foreign officers the courtesy of carrying their guns."

"That's a good argument," the attorney conceded. "No doubt it will suffice if you are on official business. But are you? Remember—they'll probably cable your home office for confirmation!"

Mark shook his head. "No, I'm not! But I've carried that gun for ten years and I feel naked without it. Confound it, Bruenzli—can't you force them to explain why I was detained? I tell you I've got to get out of here!"

He saw Bruenzli hesitate and he was tempted to confide in him, yet if the lawyer had to explain the nature of Mark's business to some politician in effecting his release, the whole value of his presence in Brazil could be nullified.

Bruenzli finally stubbed out his cigarette and got up.

"At best I can't get any action until after the eleventh hour. That's a sacred ritual in this country. If you were hanging by the neck, these officials wouldn't cut you down until after their afternoon nap. But I'll take care of it—that's a promise! Meanwhile, I will have that pig of a gaoler bring you some food. Boas tardes, Senhor."

A few minutes after he was gone, the gaoler labored down the tier and passed into the cell a battered tin dish. Mark looked at a sickening mixture of black beans and rice.

He toyed with the food for a while after the gaoler had shuffled away and finally dumped it out the window.

The afternoon dragged. The eleventh hour was in point of fact several hours and the ennui permeated the very atmosphere. But it passed and eventually the paunchy gaoler came for Mark and he was escorted into the office.

The young lieutenant was all smiles. He greeted Mark with a snappy, heel-clicking salute and returned his gun.

"I most regret the mistake, Senhor Crosby," he said with a deprecatory smile. "My men will be honored to drive you to hotel."

Mark shoved his gun back into his holster and nodded his thanks. "I'll take a cab," he said. "One ride in your buggy was enough." He wanted to question the officer about the mistake of his arrest, but decided against it. The important thing now was to get clear of this police station and see Dougal. He took a cab to the hotel and met Irene in the lobby.

"Mark! Oh, I'm so glad you're here!" she exclaimed.

"I'll just bet you are!" he said bitterly. Tears welled in her eyes. "Mark! Dougal's in the hospital, here in Para!" she whispered huskily. "He's been—shot!"

It startled him to hear her use his first name. "Have you seen him?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Not yet. They would not waken him. But I talked with the doctors. It's bad. They had to operate yesterday. They promised we might see him this evening. He's been asking for you. Oh, if I'd only known he was hurt!"

He felt a sudden pang of conscience. "There was nothing you could have done," he reminded her. When she turned away, he said with some heat: "Look here—I was arrested this morning and thrown in gaol."

"I know."

He was surprised that she would admit it. "Perhaps you also know why?"

"Well, I suppose somebody wanted to delay you, Mark. If you missed to-morrow's boat, you'd be cooling your heels here in Para for a month, waiting for the next one. You were certainly lucky to get out."

He looked at her sharply, but she was obviously thinking of Dougal for a moment later she suggested: "Let's have an early dinner, and go right up to the hospital."

"All right," he agreed shortly. "I want to change my clothes." They separated, and he went up to his room.

A few minutes after eight o'clock they stood outside the door of a hospital ward. Mark reached for the door and glanced at Irene. She hesitated, biting the back of her knuckles while she fought to gain her composure. Then she gave a little nod, and they went inside.

"Oh, Ian, Ian!" she sobbed, and ran to the side of the old man in the bed.

Ian Dougal bulked even bigger than Mark had remembered him. He murmured something to the girl before lifting his pale eyes to Mark.

Mark grinned. "Hello, Scotty!"

The old man smiled wanly. "Laddie, I'm glad to see you," he said thickly. "Come, give me a grip of your hand."

Mark sat on the edge of the bed. "Who shot you, Scotty?"

"Do you think he'll have hit me if I'd seen him?" snorted Dougal.

"Still tough, eh?" laughed Mark. "Well, I caught the first plane down, and here I am."

"And spilling for trouble," contributed Irene.

Dougal looked very tired. "I would have stopped you coming if I'd known this was going to happen. For the job is too big for any one man, although two strong men, the likes of you and me, could handle it. You may know naught of mining, but with the burnings and destruction and murders, I'm thinking a tough policeman is what's needed at Phantom Mountain."

"What's the real trouble, Scotty?"

"MANGANESE. lad. It's a war baby for they need it to make steel for their guns. When, three years ago, I located this outcropping of pyro-lusite, the world was at peace. Manganese was coming from Russia and India, and the price was down to normal."

"I had no trouble getting a decent concession for the unknown land, but now that the world is upside down with wars and hard steel getting more valuable than gold, as you might say, there are some that want to force me out of my holdings."

"When I refuse to sell, they turn their dirty tricks on me. They sabotage my property, terrorise my workmen, and now—they shoot me in the back!"

"Just who are they, Scotty?"

"That's a difficult question to answer," grumbled the old man. "Things just happen—who exactly is behind it I don't know. I've been too busy trying to put out the fire to find out who started it, in a manner of speaking. But the point is this: by the terms of my concession contract, I have to ship out a certain stipulated amount of high-grade ore."

"Up to a few months ago, that was a simple matter. Then the trouble started, and this last four months we've done practically nothing. If it keeps up for another sixty days—I'm through."

"Haven't you any idea who's causing the trouble?"

"Ideas, aye. There's a gang of young cut-throats that have formed one of those colored-shirt mobs—green shirts, they were—patterned after them brown-shirted murderers in Europe. They call themselves the Partido Patriotica Nacional, the National Patriotic Party. They yell a lot about Brazil for Brazilians, but it's nothing but a European-backed scheme to chase American interests out of South America."

"So?"

Ian Dougal shut his eyes and took several long, slow breaths before continuing.

"I heard rumors that the leader is a certain Captain Schneider, an old hand at dirty Latin American politics," he said wearily. "He gives his allegiance, not to Brazil, but to some Dictator abroad. Fernandez, my foreman, knows Schneider of old, but thinks he's not in the country."

"That I can't say, but that manganese is important to our country, lad, and I hate to see her cheated out of it by a lot of European black-mailers!"

"I'd like to take a crack at it, Scotty," said Mark.

"Good!" said the old man. "Take over, boy!" From under his pillow he brought out a large envelope and tossed it on the bed. "There's a letter to Fernandez, and one to O'Reilly, who'll meet you at the head of the falls. If by some miracle you can plug up the leaks and get out a couple of hundred tons a day for the next sixty days . . ."

Please turn to page 30

## 2GB Talent Quest for Children

Two young people, Judy Young and Reg Johnston, of 2GB, are responsible for a radical change in radio entertainment for children.

Judging by their success they were correct when they insisted that young people like to listen to other young people rather than to adults.

THIS Friday Judy and Reg will launch a new children's programme, "The Children's Theatre of the Air," and it is in the form of a junior talent quest for boys and girls under 21.

It will be broadcast from 2GB between 5 and 5.15, and 5.30 and 6 p.m. every Friday evening, with a break of a quarter of an hour for the B.B.C. News Broadcast.

The actual broadcast will come from 2GB's new Macquarie Auditorium, and the contestants will appear on the stage.

The contests will be divided into four sections—instrumental, singing, acting, and school choirs. The first three sections will be run on a process of elimination—semi-finals and finals—and a cash prize of £2.2/- for each section will be awarded every two months.

In the fourth section, school choirs, various metropolitan schools have been invited to enter their

choirs. It is planned to award a special shield for competition every three months.

Already many children have applied for auditions. Judy and Reg declare that four out of every five children seeking auditions have definite radio talent.

Just as in an adult radio talent quest, the children will be given auditions to ensure that they have the necessary talent, and they will also rehearse every Wednesday evening, so that they can go before the microphone feeling confident.

Mr. Mark Makeham, producer of the "Youth Show," has offered to give an audition to any who prove through their appearance in the



JUDY YOUNG and REG JOHNSTON.

"Children's Theatre of the Air" that they have the necessary talent to make professional artists.

Each broadcast will be performed before an audience of 300 people.

Children wishing to take part in this talent quest can get in touch with Judy and Reg, at 2GB, and the necessary entry form will be provided.



Easy to make from . . .

# Fashion PATTERNS

F2224.—Pleats falling from shield-shaped pockets distinguish this smart day frock. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2225.—Suit in silk or lightweight wool. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds. 36ins. wide and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F3303.—Trim frock for a small girl. 6 to 12 years. Requires 3½yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F2842.—Practical and attractive pyjama suit. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds. 36ins. wide and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F3252.—Gracefully draped afternoon frock. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 5½yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2226.—Shirtmaker top and full skirt make a becoming dinner gown. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 7½yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F3140.—Pointed bodice yoke of this frock is repeated in the hipline. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.



## Special Concession Pattern

SUITS FOR EARLY AUTUMN.

Sizes: 32, 34, and 36-inch bust.

No. 1.—Requires: 4½yds. 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast.  
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AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 5d. extra.

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## Please Note!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: \* Write your name and full address in block letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. \* State size required. \* For children state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



## River of Doubt

Continued from page 28

"Two hundred tons!" gasped Irene. "Why, Ian, you used to be glad to muck out seventy-five tons a day."

"Aye, but we're that far behind I'll take two hundred to catch up. Your biggest problem, lad, will be the men, Fernandez and O'Reilly, especially the Portuguese. If you lose him, you may as well cash in your chips and go home, for he controls the men. He don't take kindly to authority, for he's a rebel in fact as well as fancy. He's a man-killer. But I'd never question his loyalty."

"And O'Reilly?"

Dougal smiled faintly. "They don't come any finer than that African Irishman." He closed his eyes and sank deeper into the pillow. "It's too bad Irene can't go up with you, lad."

Mark grinned in spite of himself. "That's a shame," he admitted. "Obviously it's no place for a woman."

Irene glared at him. "But I am going up to the mine, Ian!" she protested.

He opened his eyes, frowning. "You can't! I forbid it! With shooting and fighting and murder! No, no, no! Back to the States you go."

Her face was scarlet, and she bit her lip nervously. Mark nodded sagely. "Scotty's right, Irene. It's no place for a pretty youngster."

She looked furious, but just then the nurse came in to warn them their time was up, so she rose and placed a hand on Dougal's shoulder.

"Now don't you worry, Ian," she said softly. "Mark will fix up everything." She threw Mark a spiteful glance. "I'll get his tickets and arrange the trip."

As they passed down the wide, curving staircase, Irene said: "Mark, I think it was particularly contemptible of you to try and keep me from going up to the mine, after I got you out of jail."

He stopped and stared at her. "You got me out?"

She planted her fists on her hips. "Well, I like that! I spend a broiling day going feminine on a lot of smirking politicians to explain what an innocent saint you are—and now you ask me if I got you out of jail! Merciful Heavens! Did you think it was your own devastating personality that won your freedom?"

"Perhaps I hardly suspected such devotion," he grunted.

She stepped back, her face pale. "At the risk of nicking your insufferable conceit, Mister Crosby, let me assure you that anything I did, or may do, is for Ian Dougal alone!"

With which she turned and ran down the stairs.

By eight o'clock next morning, Mark had said good-bye to Irene, and was standing aboard the Almirante Alexandrino, the little side-wheeled steamer that was to take him up the river to the falls where O'Reilly would meet him.

The engines began to vibrate. The Almirante Alexandrino shed her stern lines and eased out into the stream. The ancient paddle-wheels churned her stumpy nose against the current.

Para crept out of sight behind a spit in the river and they entered the jungle. It closed around them, leaving no opening that Mark could see.

He flipped the butt of his cigarette overboard and leaned his elbows on the rail. It hardly seemed possible that all this was actually real; that less than two weeks ago he had been disconsolately pounding the pavements of an American metropolis in a vain search for work.

He felt a touch on his arm, and found Irene standing beside him. "What are you doing here?" he demanded.

Her face was pale. "I'm going with you, Mark," she said nervously. "I just had to come."

"You're not!" he growled. "You got your orders from Scotty about that! You're getting off!"

"I can't, Mark! There's no place to get off, and no way of getting back."

He turned to the rail. "Well, you're not going up to the mine—that's final!"

She sucked in her breath. "I'm going up with or without you!"

Mark started to argue, then changed his mind. He stared glumly at the shore.

Irene slipped an arm through his. "Please, Mark," she coaxed earnestly. "can't we be friends?"

He looked down into her upturned face, and his anger melted. "You're a peculiar kid," he grumbled.

"I really mean it," she said. "I'm scared, Mark! So scared it makes me sick inside. Not for myself, but—well, that we should fail. I keep thinking of Scotty and what this means to him and then the bigger reasons behind it all. Do you realise the implication, Mark?"

## Award for Valor

Continued from page 26

"ROT!" I said. "I wanted her here so she could see what those people think of him. If she can realise how great he is, she can put up with his egotism."

Lucy said: "Didn't it ever occur to you that his greatness is what's been wrong all along? It was driving her crazy!"

"But if she doesn't come back to him now, he won't care what happens! He may get killed just because—"

"If he really loves her, why can't he change—why can't he give her a little companionship—why can't he be human?" Lucy stopped abruptly. She squeezed my hand, under the table. "Darling, let's not fight about them! It's been a week since I've seen you. I'm so thankful you're safe! What happened?"

"A cylinder broke off at the base, and knocked the oil pump—"

"Could it happen again?" Lucy demanded quickly.

"No. As soon as they found out what caused it, the manufacturer designed new cylinders, and the company's changing them all. It won't happen again."

"I hope not!" Lucy said, and shivered.

Well, as soon as the dinner was over, Mr. Canton got up, and made a speech about air transport; he said a lot of nice things about Charley, and said he was sorry he couldn't persuade Charley to stay with the line, instead of resigning and making another big flight. Then Mr. Canton introduced Mr. Walters, who was the president of one of the largest steel companies in the country. Mr. Walters got up and made a short speech.

He said that no matter how much aeroplanes were improved in the future, they would still be machines, and would have little mishaps occasionally, and he said it was the pilots of those planes who must determine whether big mishaps became tragedies or just exciting memories.

After that he told how Charley had come from a farm in Indiana as a boy, and how he had started to fly. He outlined Charley's flights to Alaska and London, and said that in a few weeks the world would be thrilling to new headlines as Charley circled the globe. Then he said it was because of Charley's great flights and what he had learned on them that he had been able to meet the emergency a few nights ago, and that while the passengers on the plane owed him for their lives, all aviation owed him a debt it could never forget or repay.

Finally he told what Charley had done, his decision to pick a field instead of trying to return to the airport, his amazingly quick thinking in hitting that tree to cut the wing off and turn the plane around so it would be tailed away from the fire.

When he got through with that he reached down on the table and picked up a small jewelled case and opened it. There was a watch in the case.

"Charley Craig," he said, and his voice had a profound emotion in it, "on behalf of the passengers who rode out of Newark with you that night last week, and on behalf of every man and woman in aviation, I present you with this token of our esteem."

Charley got up slowly, and, although there were two hundred people in that dining-room, there wasn't a sound. He glanced at the watch and shook hands with Mr. Walters, and then looked down at Gretel. When he looked up again, his heart was shining in his eyes.

It got me by the throat, that look. Because I could see that he thought Gretel was here because she meant to come back to him. I knew she was here only because Lucy had practically dragged her. From what Lucy had told me, I knew Gretel would never go back to him until he changed.

IT was too late for him to change, now; henceforth, for his livelihood, he must work at being a hero, going on from feat to feat and banquet to banquet—until the quest for fame trapped him in death, or he faded into the quick limbo that swallows all pilots who follow the course he had chosen.

For a minute he didn't say anything—he just stood there. And then, in a low yet distinct voice, he addressed Mr. Walters and the people in the room, and thanked them all very graciously.

This morning, in our hotel room—when he had had no idea Gretel would be here to-night—he had shown me his notes, written out on little cards which he intended to hold in the palm of one hand for quick reference. So I knew the gist of what he intended to say.

But something was wrong, now. I saw. He was reaching into his pocket—and his hand was coming out empty. I realised anxiously that he had mislaid the cards. He started to speak, and stopped, floundering over his words.

But finally he regained his poise, and said quietly, "Ladies and gentlemen, I've never attended a banquet that affected me as this one has; and I've attended a good many. The others were given because I had done something for myself—this one was given because a few people thought I had done something for them. I wonder if any of you realise what a difference that can make."

"As I listened to Mr. Walters," he

went on. "I realised all at once that I'm a farce."

"I've never really done anything for aviation—but aviation has done a lot for me. Sitting there, I suddenly wished I could do something and know in my heart that I deserved all the praise and flattery that Mr. Walters has given me to-night."

"But Mr. Walters has got things mixed up. It was my air-line training that enabled me to fly to Alaska and London. And the fact is those flights didn't help on that landing—because I never saw the ground when we landed, and I didn't know we had hit a tree until after it was all over." He grinned suddenly, a twisted, whimsical grin. "I levelled off by the altimeter, and then we went on—and if there had been a mountain there, or a forest, or open water, we would have had to hit just the same."

He paused, leaving an infinite hush lightening over the room.

"A pilot can imagine he's in command of every situation that can come up—it's so easy to think that, and when something does happen, to take credit for it. But I just realised, hearing Mr. Walters tell all about it, that I hadn't landed that plane at all. I suddenly realised that I was really only a passenger in the cockpit that night." His voice fell almost to a whisper: "That landing was a sheer fluke."

You could have heard the folding of a napkin, just then; in all my life I have never heard such a profound, moving silence. Charley stood there, and I had a sense that his whole personality had changed as if, admitting to frailty, he liked himself and everyone else a lot better.

And Gretel must have felt the same thing, for just then she reached up and took his hand tightly, as if she never would let it go. There was a radiance in her face, and tears in her eyes.

Charley sat down suddenly, and turned to Mr. Canton. "I've just decided to call off that round-the-world flight," he said. "I'd like to postpone that resignation—about twenty years."

Mr. Canton nodded, looking quite pleased. He said heartily, "Fine, Charley. That's fine!"

Then Charley reached into his coat pocket. He brought out that sheaf of reference cards, and tossed them over to me. He was grinning, a glint in his eyes.

"Here, kid," he said. "Save these, and you'll know what to say at a shindig like this, when you're a famous hot-shot and get a kink in your brain."

(Copyright)

He nodded soberly. "I do. It's much more than a private brawl."

She leaned over the rail and stared at the water sliding by. "That's why I want to be friends," she said quietly. "I can't do anything alone for this is a man's struggle, but there are a lot of things you don't and can't know."

When he glanced at her sharply, she said, "I mean—little things. The country, the food, and the language. You will see the natives, and even some of the whites, drink water which if you tasted it would down you like that bullet did Scotty. It's just that they have immunised themselves through the years in the tropics. Things like that—somebody has to tell you."

After a pause, he grinned: "All right, Irene, we'll be friends."

For three days more the steamer zig-zagged up the river, always searching for the shifting channel. Sometimes it scraped bottom, and then there was a lot of shouting on the bridge, while the paddle-wheels churned up mud and the vessel shuddered violently. But each time the pilot managed to back off the shoal and find a new channel through the mud.

Walking the deck with Irene the third night after dinner, Mark said: "We'll be over the first leg of the journey pretty soon."

"To-morrow afternoon," she said. "It will be comforting to see old O'Reilly waiting on the dock!"

"Are you certain he'll be there?" She nodded. "There's always cargo aboard this semi-monthly steamer for the mine. And mail. He'll be there unless—"

Her voice trailed away.

Mark didn't ask what she meant; he knew. There might not be any black Captain O'Reilly, or a Fernandez, or even a Dave Liggett left alive to meet them. He tried to forget that possibility.

"How do we get around the falls?" he asked.

She sighed. "Ian built a two-cable ascensor up the rock face beside the falls," she told him. "It's the only practical way up or down, as it would be next to impossible to cut a road through the forest, to say nothing of the expense of carrying the ore."

"As it is, O'Reilly tows his string of scows loaded with the ore the hundred and ten miles from the mine to the head of the falls, where it is mucked into the cable cars and dumped into lighters waiting below."

"Do we ride the cable going up?"

She smiled wistfully. "You do unless you prefer to crawl about five miles up a trail that would embarrass a goat."

TOWARDS mid-night, the steamer dropped off the last remaining passenger, a Costa Rican going to a rubber plantation. The next stop would be theirs, and Mark had the uneasy sensation of a man walking a plank, blindfolded.

When he came out on deck after his siesta next day he saw Irene walking with the captain.

"We'll be there shortly," she announced. "Are you ready?"

An hour later, the steamer rounded a sharp bend in the river and through the foaming mists ahead Mark could distinguish the falls. The rumbling had grown to a thundering roar that muted all other sound. Even the four shrill blasts of the ship's whistle seemed childish and impotent.

The Almirante Alexandrino swung towards shore, then abruptly altered her course and began to circle aimlessly. The whistle screamed again, pausing between cries, as though hoping for an answer. But there was no other sound save the steady pounding of the falls.

Mark had a sinking premonition of trouble. He glanced up at the bridge and saw Irene frantically beckoning him. Several of the ship's officers were clustered around the captain on the port wing of the bridge, appraising the shore through glasses. Mark went up two rungs at a time.

"What's the matter?" he asked Irene.

She pushed a pair of binoculars into his hands. "The dock!" she gasped. "It's gone."

He pocketed his stunglasses and looked through the binoculars. For a long minute he could see nothing, then he picked out the charred and jagged stumps jutting out of the muddy water. The dock had been either dynamited or burned out of existence.

MARK removed the glasses from his eyes and turned to speak to Irene. But she was arguing with the captain. As Mark strode over, the whistle gave four more plaintive blasts.

Irene turned. "The captain won't go any closer," she half sobbed. "He's afraid of fouling the paddles in the wreckage."

"Tell him to put a boat over."

She spoke rapidly in Portuguese. The captain shook his head vehemently.

"He insists he can't risk it," she interpreted. "O'Reilly didn't answer the boat's salute with his own whistle, so the captain maintains he's not here. He says it would be murder to dump us off in this hostile country with no means of either going ahead or getting back!"

"If we go back to Para it means another two weeks to a month before we can get up here again," Mark reasoned. "There's no assurance that O'Reilly would be here to meet us then. In any case, that would be too late. You tell him it's my responsibility."

She turned back to the captain. He stormed and shook his head, but finally belloyed an order to a couple of sailors.

Irene bit her lip nervously and looked at Mark. "I don't know what we'll do if—" she paused, then with a toss of her head, said: "Well, we're in for it. He says he'll put us ashore in a boat, but he can't land either our baggage or the cargo. I told him to drop them eight miles back down the river at Macoa—where we stopped last night. So take one small bag with just what you need."

"O'Reilly and Fernandez both speak English, don't they?"

"Certainly."

"That's all right, then," Mark said. "Now you go back to Para and tell Scotty—"

"Go back?" she cut in. "Don't be a complete idiot! I'm going with you!"

He balked at that. "Now—look, don't make it any more difficult—"

"Oh, you make me tired!" she snapped. "You don't even know where the mine is! Stop arguing!" She spun around and ran off the bridge.

Mark hurried to his cabin and changed to khaki work pants and high boots. He came back on deck to find a small boat waiting at the bottom of the accommodation ladder. Irene was already sitting in the stern sheets.

"Hurry up!" she called to him. "It's going to rain!"

Mark tossed his bag into the boat and took his place. As they pushed off a squadron of dark clouds rose like cavalry across the sky, and as they neared the shore a few rain drops fell experimentally.

"The rain might have missed this one day," Mark grunted, holding up his palm.

Irene glanced apprehensively at the sky. "It never misses," she said.

The stem of the boat touched. Mark jumped overboard and sank to his knees in soft muck. Tossing their bags high onto the bank he lifted Irene into his arms and staggered up the slope where he dumped her unceremoniously on solid earth.

The small boat went skipping back across the water, but it had covered less than half the distance when the squall struck. The steamer whistle shrilled. Then the rain drew a veil that obscured even sound.

Mark and Irene stood between the buttressed roots of a rotting celiba, sheltered from the full force of the barrage. There was a peculiar coldness about this tropical rain that dampened Mark in spirit as well as body. Irene shivered and moved closer to him.

"Isn't there a village of some kind around?" Mark asked. "We can't stand out here all night."

She jostled closer to him. "The village is miles inland," she said, and her teeth chattered. "But there used to be an old construction hut near the base of the falls."

He picked up their bags. "Let's find it!"

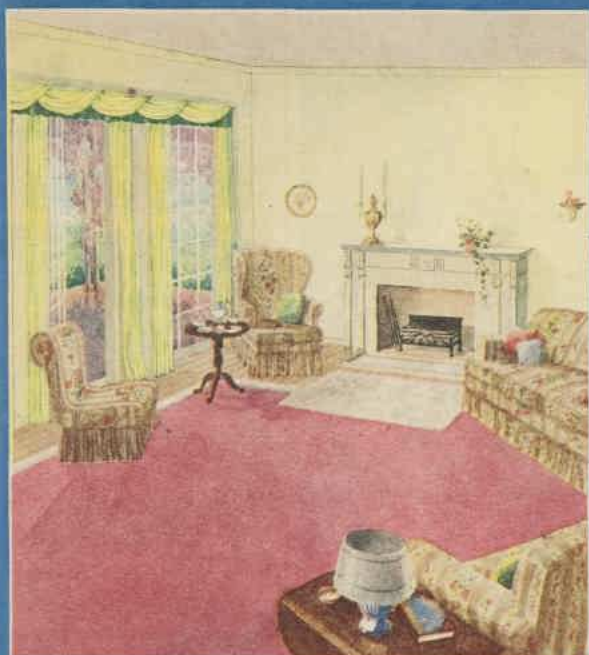
She gave a little squeal as she ran out into the rain. Mark followed. The trail narrowed and branches clawed his face until he pulled his hat down over his eyes and stumbled blindly, feeling the path with his feet.

Finally, they came to a small hut. The wind had stopped. The rain settled into a monotonous down-pour. He pushed open the crude door and stepped inside.

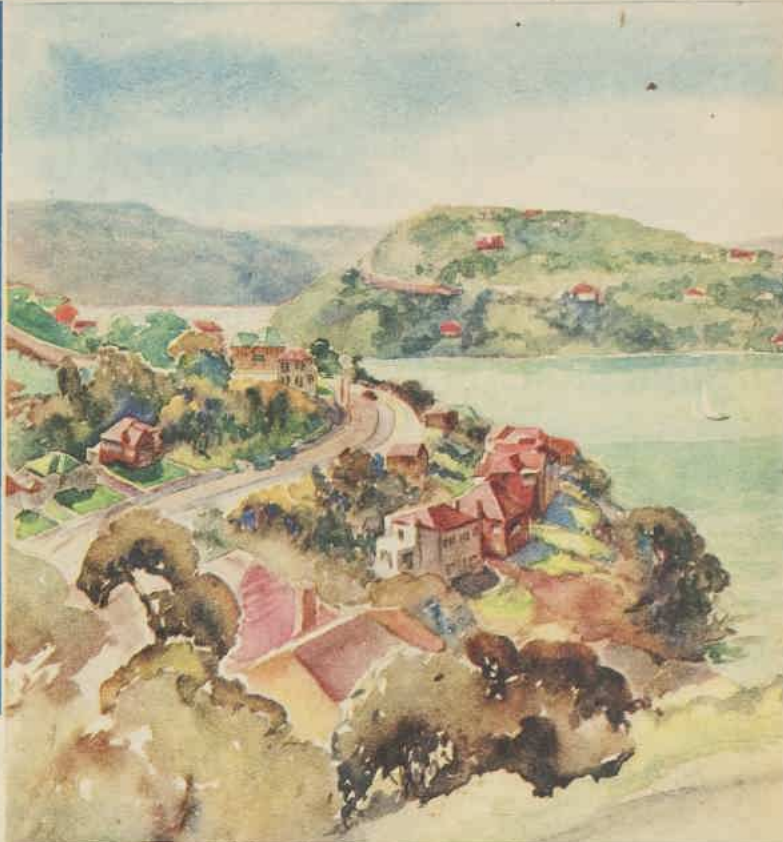
To be continued

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- INVITATION to rest and relaxation . . . Spacious living-room (above) will be furnished for comfort and enduring charm. Beautifully sprung chairs and settee have slip covers in a lovely patterned linen.
- DECORATIVE french doors open on to terrace and the delightful panoramic view, section of which is shown at right. Focal point of this room on cold, wintry nights will be the glowing hearth.
- CLEVERLY conceived lighting fixtures are an important feature.



From the Dream Home . . .

## ROOMS WITH A VIEW

HERE on this page you see an artist's impression of lounge, dining-room, and girl's bedroom. At top right you glimpse one of the glorious views from the £5000 Dream Home which has been given the Red Cross by The Australian Women's Weekly.



- ENCHANTING is the right word for the girl's room, shown above. Cross-over curtains of white, self-spotted organza froth to the floor from the wide windows, where, for privacy, venetian blinds are used. Isn't the bed just adorable?
- THE candy-stripe fabric theme of bed, chair and stool is continued in the frieze above the very attractive built-in dressing-table. Novel touch, don't you agree?
- THE gracious and lovely dining-room (shown left) opens off the living-room with swing-back doors. Doors also lead into kitchen, to the wide terrace at front, and patio at rear of house. Furniture is Sheraton period. The very comfortable chairs are upholstered in linen. Curtains fall in soft folds from the draped valance.





## Instant First Aid

Always have 'Elastoplast' First Aid ready at hand. This instant treatment is the quickest, safest, most comfortable way of dealing with all minor injuries. Simply clean the wound, strip off the protective muslin from the dressing, apply antiseptic pad, and press down the adhesive.

'Elastoplast' Dressings exclude dirt and stay in place until the wound has healed. They are elastic, flesh-coloured, and barely noticeable.

Never neglect the smallest injury, never use old bits of rag. 'Elastoplast' First Aid Dressings are safe. Sold by all chemists in unmistakable RED tins, 10½d. and 1/10.

DESPITE WAR CONDITIONS we shall endeavour to maintain reasonable supplies to chemists for regular customers.



'ELASTOPLAST' 1-yard DRESSING STRIP is very popular and economical for family use, as any required width can be cut from it.



CUTS are safe and well on the way to healing when they are protected with 'Elastoplast' First Aid Dressings. 10½d. & 1/10 tins.



BLISTERS quickly eased with 'Elastoplast' Wound Dressings. Included in the 1/10 tin or sold separately.



BOILS need the comfort of the circular 'Elastoplast' Boil Dressing. Complete Treatment in one tin.

Made by T. J. Smith & Nephew, Ltd.

## PAIN you can't "explain"

Blessed New Relief for Girls who Suffer Every Month.

WHEN pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along... and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry... why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea. They bring complete, immediate, safe relief from period pain, backache and sick feeling—without the slightest "doping." Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say Myzone relief is quicker, more lasting than anything else they've known.



"Myzone not only gives great relief but seems to keep my complexion clear, as I used to get pimples." M.P.

★ The secret is Myzone's amazing Actevin (anti-spasm) compound. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.

### The Australian Women's Weekly — Notice to Contributors

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be retained at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.



NOVEMBER LILIES are fragrant and decorative. They can be transplanted or set out now in the semi-shaded border.

## RAISING LILIUMS

● In this article our Home Gardener gives expert advice on growing these decorative beauties from bulbs—and seeds.

DEVOTE a little time to the raising of seeds and your reward will be surprising, for nearly all the newest and best lilies have come to us from natural or artificial crossing.

The few years of waiting which intervene between the sowing of the seed and the flowering of the plant are often compensated for by the production of plants of really choice quality.

The seed of most varieties, with the exception of *Lilium auratum*, *speciosum* and *Henryi*, will ripen in time for autumn sowing. The ingredients required are a soil mixture consisting of one part loam, one part leafmould, and one part peatmoss or very well-decayed cow manure. A well-drained cold-frame, with deeply-prepared, mellow soil, offers ideal conditions for the germination of lily seeds.

The seeds may be either broadcast or sown in rows, and should be covered with about 1 inch of soil. If the seeds are sown in autumn the seed-bed should be mulched with straw or salt hay during the winter. A lath frame will afford excellent protection for spring-sown seedlings until they have become well established.

If planting established bulbs of flowering size between now and May, choose a semi-shady spot where the soil is fairly rich and light, and plant them at least twice their diameter in depth. Some lilliums need to be planted seven to eight inches deep.

Lilium bulbs that have shrivelled badly during storage should be soaked in water to plump up for an hour or two before being planted.

When planting ripe, mature lillium bulbs, dig the holes with a small spade or trowel, line the bottom of the hole with sand, and cover the bulb with sand. This will prevent eelworms from causing trouble.

Place a stake in position where each big bulb has been planted, and tie on a name tag. This will obviate any trouble in recognising the varieties when they come up, and will warn the gardener when cultivating that the bulb is near the stake.

Some of the best varieties for present sowing are *Lilium auratum*, *canadense*, *elegans*, *Hansonii*, *Henryi*, *Harisii*, *speciosum*, *tigrinum*, *testaceum*, *sulphureum*, *regale*, *snowdrift*, *candidum*, *davuricum*, *pardalinum*, *sargentiae*, and *sulphureale* hybrids.

Good drainage is absolutely necessary for lilliums, the bulbs of which rot off quickly in water-logged soil. If the soil is naturally heavy, and very retentive of moisture, dig the soil out to about 18 inches deep, and place a layer of chinders at the bottom. This should extend in all directions, and not be merely underneath the bulb.

Fresh manure should not be placed too near lilliums, which object to heating material. If old manure is not obtainable, place the mature about eight inches below the bulb, cover with several inches of soil, then some sand, and fill in with soil containing some leafmould or good compost.

### For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

A MOTHER needs radiant health in order adequately to cope with the physical, mental, and spiritual needs of her young family, and yet many busy mothers say that they have no time to spare for rest and recreation.

Again, many complain of headaches and backaches during the first months of motherhood, but will not seek medical advice and treatment.

Good health is a very tangible asset in life, and it is every mother's duty to herself as well as to her family to see that she possesses this

asset and to submit herself to medical examination and treatment when necessary.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with an enclosed stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

## WHO WANTS TO LOOK YOUNG

Amazing Discovery ENDS LINES

WOMEN OF 50 CAN LOOK 35

A new precious extract of skin cells—just like the vital elements in a healthy young girl's skin. Discovered by a famous University Professor. Obtained by him from carefully selected young animals. This extract, called 'Biocel' is now contained in Crème Tokalon Biocel. Apply it every night. Every minute while you sleep your skin absorbs these vital elements. Every morning when you wake up your skin is clearer, fresher, smoother—YOUNGER. During the day use Crème Tokalon (Vanishing). By this simple treatment any woman can make herself look ten years younger. Have a marvellous skin and complexion of which any young girl would be proud. Successful results positively guaranteed with Tokalon Creams or money refunded. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

### New Under-arm Cream Deodorant Safety Stops Perspiration



1. Does not rot clothes—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless, vanishing cream.
5. LABORATORY tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.
- 15 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a jar. Also in 5d. jars.

At all chemists and stores selling toilet goods. Distributors: Passett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

## Freckles

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots. How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles—while it it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kinthe—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kinthe, as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else! 7/3



## LESSONS IN LOVELINESS



THE BEST facial treatment is a good scrubbing with soap and water twice a day, rinsing the skin afterwards with ice-cold water—if you can get it.



ONE HUNDRED STROKES nightly with a stiff brush keeps your hair soft and shining. And brush your teeth thoroughly after every meal to keep them white and sparkling. Remember, they are a very precious asset now and always.

Written specially for schoolgirls by our Beauty Expert

**W**HEN lessons are put aside and you get the chance to do a little private thinking, how often your mind turns to the rosy future . . . I know!

You visualise yourself a raving beauty distributing largesse to the less fortunate and you see one, two—nay, a dozen—handsome young gentlemen kneeling at your feet and craving your white, languid hand.

Lovely, lovely thoughts . . . You rise and walk majestically to the mirror and your eyes pop with horror! You see a scrawny face or a plump round one, a snub nose, round eyes, mousey hair or black when it should be golden, just too terrible for words in your critical eyes.

But girls, take heart.

Follow a simple beauty treatment from now on and you'll be very lovely some day. Yes, you will.

Every morning on arising, drink a glass of water, bathe yourself carefully, clean your teeth till they sparkle, brush your hair and dress



THE GIRL in the picture above, Virginia Weidler, bright MGM starlet, a schoolgirl, too, demonstrates in accompanying pictures a few of the daily beauty treatments for ladies of her own important age.

it neatly. Brush your dress carefully, your hat. Polish your shoes until they shine like a mirror in the sun.

Always keep yourself fresh and neat looking—well-groomed is the word.

Give your hair one hundred

strokes nightly and shampoo it yourself carefully every week-end.

Smile whenever you can, speak nicely, be courteous to everybody; be thoughtful, considerate of your parents, and I guarantee you'll develop into one of the loveliest ladies of the land!

## A FIRST-AID KIT SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME

**T**HESE requirements should be kept in a portable chest or box. Small compartments can be made to hold jar, bottles, instruments, etc. The chest or box, however, should be covered. A top-opening flap can be easily attached to the box.

1. **Sterile Dressings:** Bandages or strips of clean white rag may be sterilised by baking in a warm oven for two hours. Place the selected material in a conveniently-sized tin or jar, and secure the lid before sterilising. After baking, place the container, unopened, in the medicine chest. Do not remove the lid until the contents are needed.

2. **Swabs and Gauze:** Cotton-wool swabs (about one to two inches in diameter) may be prepared from a roll of cotton-wool by plucking off a suitable amount and rolling it into a ball. These swabs are useful to clean a wound or apply antiseptic. Sterile gauze should be cut into 2-inch squares. Swabs and gauze

"Medico" lists simple requirements . . . Get them together now!

should be sterilised and kept in a tin or jar in the same way as bandages.

3. **Adhesive Plaster:** The modern elastic plaster is easier to manipulate. But, like all plaster, it tends to deteriorate. Renew it every six months.

4. **Mild Antiseptic Lotion,** such as 1 in 500 watery solution of Acriflavine.

5. **Tannic Acid Jelly:** For use in the case of burns, scalds, and abrasions. A solution of tannic acid in water (about one teaspoonful in a glass of water), made up freshly each time, may be used if the jelly is not available.

6. **Petroleum Jelly** sterilised in the oven.

7. **Jar of Common Salt:** A solution of salt (one teaspoonful in one tumbler of water) makes an effective gargle, mouthwash or bathing fluid for wounds. A strong solution of salt is an effective emetic.

8. **Castor Oil:** For treating minor eye injuries.

9. **Instruments:** A pair of fine, sharp scissors and a pair of large and small forceps, and a small sharp knife or scalpel. A few sterile safety razor blades are useful for "shaving down" the skin to remove splinters. These may be kept sterilised in a tin similar to the dressings. Two camel-hair brushes and two medicine droppers should also be included.

10. **Splints:** Smooth slats of pine (various widths and lengths) for use as splints. The sides of fruit-cases make good splints.

Fundamental rules should be posted inside the first-aid chest or box, or on cardboard placed within the chest for quick and easy reference.



THE PICTURE THAT  
MADE NANCY THINK:  
"HER STORY  
COULD BE MINE"



And it could be yours too! . . . If she but learns the art of fascination, ANY girl can make herself the heroine of some true life romance—more thrilling, by far, than fiction. But one thing most men demand is a flower-like skin. And here, Erasmic Face Powder will help to give your complexion the delicate soft bloom of a freshly unfurled rose. Even its haunting fragrance suggests some lovely garden at close of day.

RACHEL, PEACH, BRUNETTE, SUNTAN  
AND NATURAL

ERASMIC CREAM (VANISHING OR COLD) 1/8 PER TUBE OR JAR

ERASMIC FACE POWDER 1 1/2

£2.20

*Lovely Dressing*  
**YOU'LL AGREE**



A SALAD dressed with Heinz Mayonnaise is dressed in perfect taste. For Heinz Mayonnaise is rich—creamy—delicious—the sort of Mayonnaise that you'd delight in making if you had the time . . . and all the Heinz ingredients.

57  
Mayonnaise  
by  
**HEINZ**

MAI-2



A feast for  
the eyes  
and palate...

## WARM WEATHER DINNERS

Specially planned for  
homemakers by Mary  
Forbes, cookery expert  
to The Australian  
Women's Weekly.

**L**IGHT, satisfying and  
so easily prepared,  
moderately priced,  
dietetically balanced, and ap-  
petising... what more can  
one ask of a dinner menu?

The four suggested menus  
published below have been  
tested—and tasted. We like  
them and feel sure you will.

Here are the main recipes:

### MOCK QUAIL

One and a half pounds thin veal  
steak,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped celery or grilled  
carrot with celery salt, 1 teaspoon  
chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon milk  
or stock,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups soft breadcrumbs,  
1 tablespoon melted butter or bacon  
fat, 1 teaspoon chopped onion,  $\frac{1}{2}$   
teaspoon chopped mint, pepper and  
salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. bacon rashers.

Trim veal and cut into about six  
portions. Combine crumbs, butter  
or bacon fat, celery or carrot, pars-  
ley and mint and season well; add  
a little stock or milk if not moist  
enough. Shape this seasoning into  
six rolls and wrap a slice of veal  
around each roll. Brush with milk  
and roll in crumbs. Skewer a piece  
of bacon around each mock quail and  
place on a baking rack. Baste once  
with hot fat and then cover with  
kitchen paper. Bake in a moderate  
oven (350 deg. F.) for 50 minutes.

### ALMOND CREAM

Half-pint milk, 1 dessertspoon  
cornflour, 1 egg, 2 or 3 peach leaves  
or almond essence, 1 tablespoon  
sugar.

Heat milk and sugar with the  
peach leaves for 2 or 3 minutes,  
leaving a little cold milk to blend  
with cornflour. Remove peach leaves  
and stir in blended cornflour. Bring  
to the boil and simmer 3 minutes.  
Cool slightly and beat in the egg-  
yolk and then whisk in the stiffly-  
beaten egg-white. If peach leaves are  
not obtainable flavor with almond  
essence. Chill and serve with sliced  
fresh or small whole skinned peaches  
or stewed dried peaches. This fruit  
served cold with fresh or scalded  
almond-flavored whipped cream is  
delicious.

### CREAM CHEESE

One quart milk (fresh or on the  
turn), flavoring such as  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon  
Worcestershire sauce or a few  
capers or caraway seeds or a few  
drops of onion juice or few sprigs  
of parsley, 1 dessertspoon vinegar  
or lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt,  
cayenne pepper.

Add vinegar or lemon juice to  
milk and allow to clot. Add salt  
and a dash of cayenne. Place in an  
enamel saucepan and bring to blood-  
heat. Strain through a fine cloth  
over a basin. Tie mixture in cloth  
and hang over the basin for 24  
hours.

### HONEY CRUMBED APRICOTS

One and half dozen apricot halves,  
1 gill milk, 1 teaspoon honey, 1 des-  
sertspoon rice flour, 1 egg, flour,  
bread, cake, or biscuit crumbs, sauce  
of  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint apricot juice or water,  
honey to sweeten, 1 teaspoon arrow-  
root, 1 tablespoon apricot jam or  
puree.

Tinned, fresh, or soaked dried  
apricots may be used. Blend the rice  
flour with a little milk, add to the  
remainder with the honey and cook  
until thick. Stir in half the beaten  
egg and allow to cool. Fill half the  
apricot halves with this cream and  
cover with the remaining halves,  
flour and egg and breadcrumb and  
deep fry. Serve with a sauce made  
from the apricot juice, honey and  
jam thickened with the arrowroot.



## SUGGESTED MENUS: A FINE QUARTET

**No. 1**  
Minted Orange Salad  
Mock Quail  
Tomatoes, Sweet Corn  
Potato Crisps  
Chilled Peaches with Almond  
Cream

**No. 2**  
Combination Vegetable  
Salad  
Pickled Grapes  
Caraway Seed Rolls  
Cream Cheese Omelette  
Rhubarb and Orange Jelly

**No. 3**  
Cream Cheese Salad  
Minced Lamb and Bacon Patties on  
Apple Slices  
Tomato and Onion Rings, Shredded  
Carrot, Parsley Potatoes  
Honey Crumbed Apricots

**No. 4**  
Tomato Juice Appetiser  
Summer Grill Platter  
Tossed Green Salad  
Butterscotch Bananas with  
Chocolate Sauce

This is a delicious dinner sweet  
served hot or cold.

### SUMMER GRILL PLATTER

Short loin chops or lamb cutlets,  
bacon rolls, pineapple slices, grated  
cheese, new potatoes, baby carrots,  
lemon and parsley butter balls, crisp  
green salad tossed in french dress-  
ing.

Trim chops and skewer into neat  
shapes and sear under a fiercely  
glowing grill or over red hot coals  
for one minute each side. Reduce  
heat and cook slowly for 4 minutes  
each side, being careful not to pierce  
the meat. Sprinkle pineapple slices  
with grated cheese and grill until  
lightly browned and hot. Cook pota-  
toes and carrots and toss the pota-  
toes in freshly-chopped mint and  
the carrots in hot buttered crumbs.  
Serve piping hot immediately after  
cooking with the lemon butter balls  
rolled in chopped parsley and crisp  
salad greens tossed in french dress-  
ing.

### MINCED LAMB AND BACON PATTIES

One pound finely-minced meat  
(raw), 2 or 3 bacon rashers chopped  
finely, 1 dessertspoon chutney, 1  
dessertspoon minced onion, 1 tea-  
spoon chopped mint,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon  
mixed herbs, 1 cup white bread-  
crumbs, pepper and salt, 1 egg,  
brown breadcrumbs, sliced apples  
(soaked dried or fresh), seasoned  
flour.

Combine mincemeat, chopped  
bacon, chutney, onion, mint, herbs,  
white breadcrumbs and pepper and  
salt. Bind with half the egg and  
shape into patties. Dip in seasoned  
flour and brush with egg and cover  
firmly with fine brown crumbs. Brush  
the apple slices with butter or bacon  
fat, and place a patty on each. Grill  
quickly for 1 minute on each side  
and then slowly for 5 minutes on  
each side. Slice a tomato thinly and  
place a thin slice of onion on each

tomato slice. Baste with a little fat  
from the grill pan and grill for 2  
or 3 minutes. Serve hot with whole  
potatoes tossed in finely-chopped  
parsley and crisp uncooked shredded  
carrot.

### CREAM CHEESE SALAD

Four ounces cream cheese, crisp  
lettuce leaves or cress, 2 or 3 thin  
slices of fresh or canned pineapple,  
1 dessertspoon chopped mint, mint  
sprigs, 1 tablespoon french salad  
dressing.

Roll cheese into a long roll about  
1 inch in diameter and sprinkle with  
chopped mint. Cut in slices. Toss  
lettuce leaves in a french dressing of  
salad oil and vinegar. Arrange on  
small plates 1 or 2 crisp lettuce  
leaves, 2 small wedges pineapple, 2  
or 3 overlapping slices of minted  
cream cheese. Garnish with a mint  
sprig and serve as a dinner ap-  
petiser.

### RHUBARB AND ORANGE JELLY

Two cups sweetened cooked  
rhubarb, juice of 1 orange,  $\frac{1}{3}$ rd cup  
water, 1 tablespoon gelatine, fruity  
finger biscuits.

Soften gelatine in the water and  
then dissolve over boiling water. Stir  
in orange juice and add gelatine. Set  
in a wetted mould or small indi-  
vidual moulds. Serve with fruity  
finger biscuits.

### BUTTERSCOTCH BANANAS WITH CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Six bananas, juice of half a lemon  
or orange,  $\frac{1}{3}$ rd cup brown sugar, 1  
dessertspoon butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon  
lemon or orange rind, 1 cup choco-  
late sauce.

Make a syrup of the orange or  
lemon juice, butter and sugar and  
add the sliced bananas. Simmer for  
2 or 3 minutes. Serve hot or chilled,  
topped with foamy chocolate sauce.





## Miss Precious Minutes says:

**WORRIED** about silverfish, moths? Make pillow-slips from new unbleached calico. Pile in garments, blankets, stitch down. Use slips later.

**IF** you're lucky you'll have a few passionfruit on your vine, that's if you've got a vine. Well, add the pulp of one or two to stewed fruits, banana custard. Gives pleasant flavor. With rockmelon it's superb.

**NEVER** use a damp cloth to open the oven or lift out hot slides. Steam will form, either burn you or blur your vision, and spoil looks or temper.

**ORDERED** a loaf too much over the week-end? Stale on Monday, but why worry? Just paint it over with milk, place in a warm oven, bake 15 minutes. Enjoy it!

**ONE** match for a meal. I test myself each morning when cooking the family's breakfast. I light one jet with match and utilise match stick to light others when necessary.

**A LITTLE LEMON JUICE** helps to make an old fowl tender when boiled. Saves fuel, improves flavor. Penny Singleton, Columbia star (left), sends this hint: Don't overdo the lemon.



START the day well with a gaily-set breakfast table. A pretty cloth, friendly flowers, colorful china (yellow is a happy choice) are uplift ingredients. Plan healthful, sustaining meals and spice them with variety.

## Prize recipes you'll want to try!

**T**HIS list sounds very tempting, don't you think? Our cookery expert selected these recipes from a large batch of entries in this week's contest. Now send along your home-tested favorite. See it win you a prize! Every week we give £1 for the best recipe received and 2/6 for all other recipes published on this page.

### ORANGE PUDDING WITH ORANGE CUBES

Cover one cup breadcrumbs with one pint milk and let stand until milk is absorbed, then add 1 cup sugar, yolks 3 eggs, grated rind 1 orange. Put into buttered baking dish and bake 1 hour in moderate oven. Remove from oven and pour over pudding the strained juice of 1 orange. Make meringue from egg-whites left over with 3 tablespoons sugar. Pile on top of pudding, return to oven to brown. Cool.

For the cubes, boil 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar, 3 dessertspoons gelatine for 20 minutes. Allow to cool. Add 1 cup orange juice and a squeeze lemon. Pour into a greased tin, allow to set. Cut into cubes and roll in icing sugar. Serve with the pudding.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Mann, 55 Gaffney Lane, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

### PUMPKIN FRUIT CAKE

Cream 1lb. butter and 1 cup sugar. Add 2 eggs and beat well, then add 1 cup of mashed pumpkin (cold), 2 cups flour, in which is sifted 1 teaspoon cream of tartar and 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, and 1 packet mixed fruit. Mix well. Line a cake tin with brown paper and bake in a moderate oven 2 hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Lewis, Anvil St., Gretna, N.S.W.

**Test these five on the family now. They are so good!**

1. Delicious orange pudding.
2. Pumpkin fruit cake.
3. Banana loaf.
4. Passionfruit syrup.
5. Summer pie delicacies.

### BANANA LOAF

Three bananas, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 level teaspoon baking soda, 1 level teaspoon baking powder, 3 tablespoons melted butter, 1 cup chopped nuts.

Mash bananas and beat well, then add sugar gradually and continue beating until sugar and bananas are well blended. Add egg and again beat well. Then add flour, salt, carb. soda and baking powder (sifted together). Stir in melted butter and nuts.

Turn mixture into greased loaf tin and bake in slow oven for 1 hour.

Nuts may be omitted if desired. Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Frank Coleman, Goomeri, Kingaroy Line, Qld.

### PASSIONFRUIT SYRUP

Take pulp from 12 passionfruit, put into a large jug and add 2 teaspoons citric acid. Make a syrup with 2 cups sugar and 1 pint water, bring to boil, and pour over the pulp and acid. When cold, strain and bottle. Serve with cracked ice and dry ginger ale or iced water.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss N. Sparkes, 45 Thorold St., Woolloowin N3, Brisbane.

### BASIC CREAM FILLING FOR PIES

Half-cup sugar, one-third cup cornflour or 1 flour, 2 cups milk, 3 egg-yolks, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 egg-whites.

Scald milk, mix sugar, cornflour, and salt with 1 cup of cold milk. Add to scalded milk and cook on low heat for 8-10 minutes.

Add egg-yolks and cook 2-3 minutes, add vanilla, cool. Pour into baked pie-shell. Cover with meringue made of three egg-whites and six tablespoons of sugar. Bake in slow oven 10-12 minutes for soft meringue, or leave in a very slow oven until meringue is set crisp and pale brown in color.

Variations—Coconut Pie: Add 1 cup grated coconut.

Pineapple Pie: Add one cup shredded pineapple.

Chocolate Pie: Add two squares of grated chocolate.

Date Pie: Add one cup chopped dates.

Cherry and Walnut Pie: Add 1 cup chopped crystallised cherries and 1 cup walnuts.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. E. Sanders, Beatharbour, via Lismore, N.S.W.



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# LENT SPECIAL



This delicious **Kraft**  
**Main Course**  
**Dish!**



**SERVES 4  
PERSONS FOR  
ONLY 3d EACH**

**KRAFT SWISS RING MOULD**

KRAFT ECONOMY BUDGET  
MENU NO. 6

Soup  
Swiss Ring Mould  
Fresh Fruit, Coffee

**How To Make Swiss Ring Mould**

Brown one small chopped onion in one tablespoon of butter in saucepan. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of chopped tomatoes, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cupful cooked rice and cook until rice absorbs all liquid. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of shredded Kraft Cheese; salt and pepper to taste. Mix until melted. Pack in buttered ring mould and keep hot. If you haven't a ring mould, press firmly in handy sandwich tin, leaving hole in centre to take scrambled eggs. Scramble 4 eggs, and fill centre with unscrambled eggs. Garnish with tomato and parsley. Serves 4 persons at a cost of only 3d. per person.

Recipe sent in by  
Mrs. J. Cooper, C/o. Police Station, Central Tilba.

Here's a special Lenten dish that is simply packed with the protein, vitamins, milk minerals and the vital calcium you and your family need—because *Swiss Ring Mould* is made with *Kraft Cheddar Cheese*. Remember, one 8-oz. packet of *Kraft Cheddar* contains all the goodness of 4 pints of rich, creamy milk. *Kraft Cheddar* is pasteurised and foil-wrapped—that's why it stays fresh, creamy and delicious to the last mellow slice. Get an 8-oz. packet of *Kraft Cheddar Cheese*, and give your family this delicious, nourishing Lenten Main Course Dish.

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